

السنة الأولى

Saturday October 26 1996

Abkhaz	1.20
Algeria	130
Andorra	166.64
Angola	200.48
Argentina	166.64
Australia	1.50
Austria	13.76
Belgium	36.36
Brazil	1.20
Canada	1.20
Chad	200.48
Czechia	13.76
Denmark	13.76
Egypt	166.64
France	166.64
Germany	166.64
Ghana	200.48
Greece	166.64
Hong Kong	166.64
India	166.64
Indonesia	166.64
Italy	166.64
Japan	166.64
Korea	166.64
Malaysia	166.64
Mexico	166.64
Norway	166.64
Poland	166.64
Portugal	166.64
Romania	166.64
Russia	166.64
Spain	166.64
Sweden	166.64
Switzerland	166.64
Taiwan	166.64
Thailand	166.64
Turkey	166.64
USA	166.64


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Jonathan Freedland on how America turned off

The election campaign that never was



Soccer

Ray Harford quits as Blackburn manager



The Week page 24

Anthony Julius on the lawyer joke

Why don't sharks bite lawyers?

This section page 9

Draconian Crime Bill to send prison numbers soaring

Jailhouse Britain

Alan Travis
Home Affairs Editor

MICHAEL Howard, the Home Secretary, yesterday set Britain on the road to overtaking some of the world's most oppressive regimes for jailing offenders.

His draconian Crime Bill, which introduces minimum sentences for repeat offenders, will put England and Wales on a par with South-east Asian countries like Malaysia and Thailand. Similar legislation is planned for Scotland.

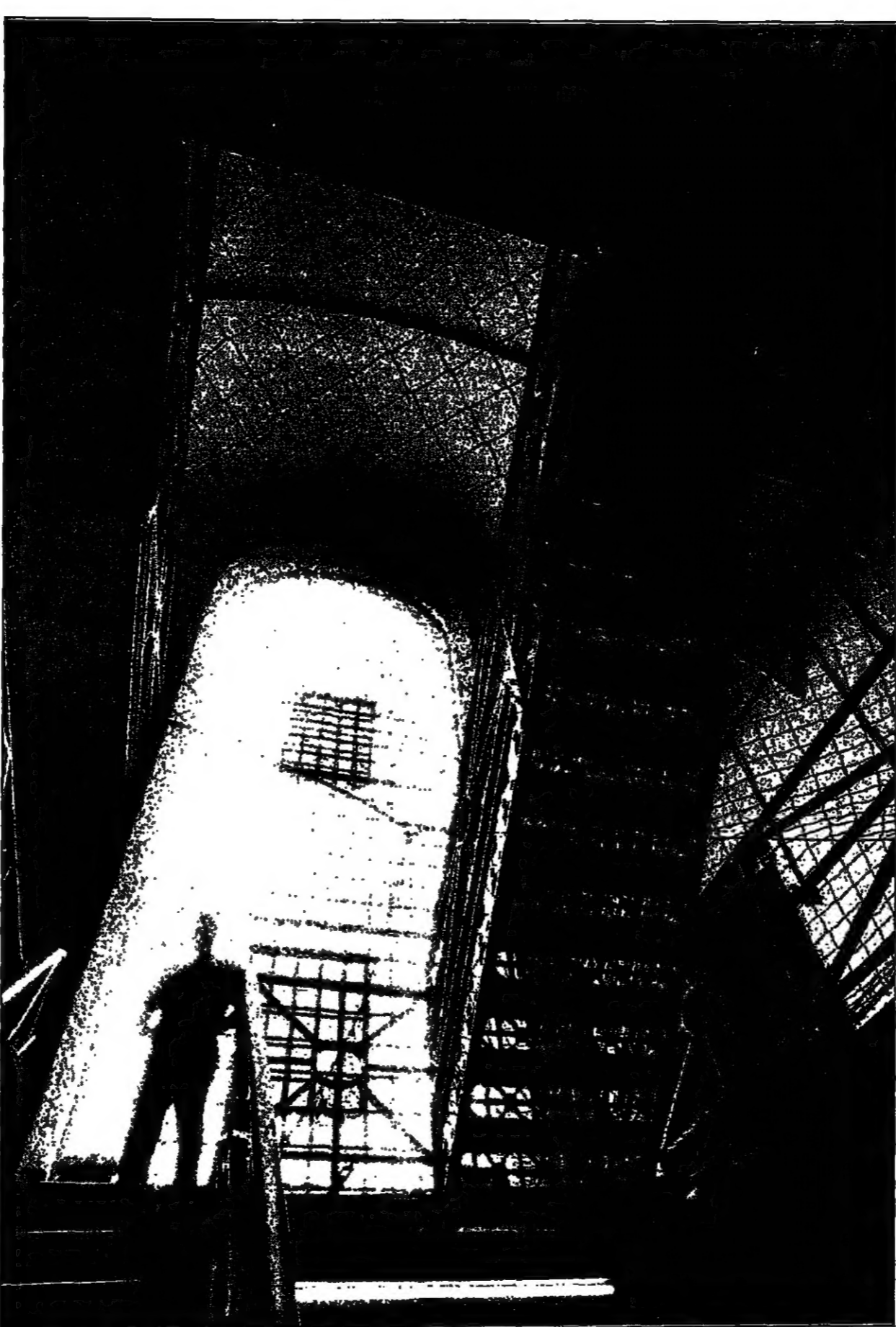
Mr Howard promised to build at least 12 new private "super-prisons."

The extra 11,000 jail places will double the prison space built since 1978 to implement his radical US-style mandatory sentencing package, which he claimed amounted to the biggest change in the "fight against crime this century."

The 12 new private prisons, each holding 900 inmates and 50 per cent larger than their predecessors, are to be built and run at a cost of an estimated £3 billion. They come on top of the six private prisons already ordered by Mr Howard to cope with the surge in jail numbers. Prison governors say they are ready to running "human warehouses".

The expansion in the prison system will leave the rest of the European Union far behind in the world custody league. The prison population in England and Wales is at a record 57,663.

The legislation faces stiff opposition from the senior judges and from former Conservative ministers. The mandatory minimum sentences for third time drug dealers and burglars and the automatic life sentences for repeat rapists and violent offenders will be phased in as the prisons are built.



Behind bars: Home Secretary proposes 12 'super prisons' at an estimated cost of £3 billion PHOTOGRAPH FRANK MARTIN

World prison league

Inmates per 100,000 population - selected countries

Holland	65
Germany	83
England before Howard	89
France	90
Italy	90
England now	114
Malaysia	122
England after Howard	142
Thailand	159
Hong Kong	178

Mr Howard insisted yesterday it would be worthwhile. "These are very radical proposals. They mark a strict departure from what has been done in the past. Apart from murder and driving offences, we have never had minimum sentences in our law."

He said it was necessary for Parliament to override the criticisms of the senior judges to protect the public from those rapists and violent criminals who struck again after being caught and from the career burglars and drug dealers.

Penal reformers said "the radical departure" will not only mean widespread use of American-style mandatory minimum sentences but also an American-style penal system.

They claimed that once the public taste for punishment on this scale had been fed it would be difficult for any politician to reverse. The prison population would expand to more than 75,000 with little likelihood of it falling.

"Mr Howard's plans have been imported wholesale from the United States. A tripling of the prison population in California has not made safe the streets of Los Angeles," said Stephen Shaw, director of the Prison Reform Trust. "A similar policy will be equally ineffective on the streets of Liverpool and London."

Professor Andrew Rutherford, the Chairman of the Howard League for Penal Reform, said the Home Secretary's package would mean Britain beginning to compete with the likes of Malaysia and Thailand.

"The Home Office projections, even on Mr Howard's calculations, of the effects of his crime policy will be to leave Europe behind and put us on track for imprisonment rates much more typical of the authoritarian tiger economies of South-east Asia."

The Home Secretary was repeatedly challenged yesterday at a Home Office press conference about how many jails the new private prison programme would involve and at what cost.

He said: "What is involved is building roughly the same number of prisons we have since 1978."

The Conservatives have built 22 prisons for 11,635 inmates since they came to power. This was at odds with his white paper statement that said 12 new prisons would be required.

The legislation is unclear on the price of the 12 new prisons.

It says that "it will result in additional recurring costs of between £375 million and £495 million per annum some 12 years after implementation."

Hamilton tried to cash in after he was forced to quit

David Haacke and Jamie Wilson

NEIL Hamilton, the disgraced former minister, tried to raise tens of thousands of pounds from wealthy corporate clients of the lobbyist, Ian Greer, to launch his own privately-run Deregulation Institute after he was forced to quit his government job.

Talks were held between the tobacco giant, Philip Morris, and Ian Greer Associates (IGA) to promote Mr Hamilton's institute as a means of putting pressure on the Government and the European Commission not to accept a proposed directive to ban cigarette advertising.

Mr Hamilton also hoped to get money from six other top British blue-chip clients of IGA - British Airways, Thames Water, Whitbread, Asda, the courier company DHL, and Kingfisher, which owns Woolworth's and the B&Q DIY group.

The disclosure shows Mr Hamilton still had a close relationship with Mr Greer after he had resigned and was suing the Guardian. At the time he denied any financial links with the lobbyist.

Confidential documents, to be shown tonight on the Channel 4 programme, A Week in Politics, disclose how Mr Greer used his annual House of Commons reception at the Atrium restaurant on Millbank in 1995 to promote Mr Hamilton's business interests. Officially, Mr Greer used the occasion to get support from MPs to change the Bill of Rights so he and Mr Hamilton could sue the Guardian. MPs drank champagne and ate fish and chips out of copies of the newspaper.

Mr Greer's memo says: "Neil Hamilton has mooted the establishment of a Deregulation Institute which would, independent of Government, push for change by producing papers and holding seminars. He is looking for backers... He already has Whitbread and Philip Morris on board - we need to get Asda interested, not least because it would direct attention away from Archie's [Archie Norman, chief executive of Asda] zealous promotion of deregulation (unhelpful for relations with Labour) and direct it through Neil Hamilton, MP."

However, a spokesman for Whitbread told the Guardian: "No one at Whitbread has ever heard of a Deregulation Institute, let alone backed it."

At a meeting with Philip Morris at IGA's headquarters on November 27 last year, it was minuted that representatives of the tobacco company should meet ex-minister Francis Maude, who chaired the Government's deregulation taskforce, and the Tory MPs Simon Coombs, Bernard Jenkin, Graham Riddick, Tom Sackville, and Neil Hamilton.

The memo also names four of the clients who should be approached about the Deregulation Institute.

Mr Greer makes it clear in the memo that his promotion of Mr Hamilton's idea is to increase IGA's fortunes.

"IGA approaches this from a self-interested perspective: we need to wind up deregulation in the UK as part of our European campaign on behalf of Philip Morris."

Ministers to be lobbied included Roger Freeman, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and right-hand man to deputy Prime Minister Michael Heseltine, and David Davis, the European junior Foreign Office minister.

Sainsbury — now the supermarket you can bank on

Sarah Whitebloom

SAINSBURY yesterday ratcheted up the supermarket wars and threatened to spark panic in the financial sector when it unveiled plans to become a fully fledged bank.

In partnership with the Bank of Scotland, the food retailer has applied to the Banking Commission for a full banking licence and said yesterday it is on course to launch the Sainsbury Bank early next year.

The move marks a significant departure for Sainsbury in its battle to grab back market share from its

main rival, Tesco. Earlier this year, it was ridiculed for introducing a customer loyalty card, but then succumbed and brought it in its own.

Tesco subsequently introduced a charge card with NatWest, but Sainsbury's latest plans could revolutionise the highly competitive food retailing and banking sectors.

In direct competition with the main clearing banks, Sainsbury will begin by offering a debit card, a Visa credit card and savings accounts, followed by the full range of services including current accounts, mortgages and insurance.

Bank counters will not appear in supermarkets, and Sainsbury has no plans to set up shops with dedicated bank branches.

The new bank will be a telephone service, along the lines of First Direct, although its own cash machines will begin appearing at the firm's stores.

The move is certain to cause concern in the banking community, where business is becoming increasingly cut-throat in the face of competition from the building societies and new entrants such as Direct Line.

Marks & Spencer and Virgin have already launched themselves into the finan-

cial services business. Such strong brand names, which command legions of loyal customers, are perceived in the City as a growing threat to the banks' traditional market.

Sainsbury - which has 12 million customers - is confident that it will be a "very viable competitor to the high street banks".

David Sainsbury, chairman, said: "Our customers tell us they want good, efficient and reliable banking services. In Sainsbury Bank, customers will have the reassurance of a name they know and trust, coupled with the banking expertise of the Bank of Scotland."

Peter Burt, chief executive of the Bank of Scotland, maintained the new bank will be a "compelling alternative to the conventional high street bank or building society".

The move is likely to mean more banking jobs in Scotland.

Sainsbury, which has been losing ground to Tesco and is expected to declare a 13 per cent decline in six-month profits on Wednesday, denied its move was a copycat exercise. A spokeswoman said of Tesco's charge card: "It is not even comparable. What we're doing is not an add-on to a loyalty card. It will be a fully fledged bank."

Shelf life

- John James and Mary Ann Sainsbury open the first store in 1989, a dairy in Drury Lane, central London.
- It was privately owned until flotation in 1973.
- Now 10 million customers visit 363 supermarkets every week in Britain.
- Supermarkets employed 36,082 full-time and 79,746 part-time workers last year.
- Sales last year were £10.15 billion; profits £712 million, down by £96 million.
- The post-war Sainsbury generation has supported Conservative (Tim), Labour (John) and SDP (David).

Britain	World News	Finance	Sport	Comment and Letters By
2	5	11	24	Obituaries 7; Weather 2
				The Week
				Crossword 24
				43
				9 770261 307460



Can the new 125 bhp Audi A3 outspurt an angry rhino?

The Department of Transport's failure to acquire retirement home to make way for bypass unjust. Alex Bellos and Alan Watkins on a landmark legal decision that opens way for compensation

Blight couple seeking £1m

AN ELDERLY couple whose lives were rendered worthless because of plans to build a bypass yards from their bedroom window made legal history yesterday in a High Court judgment which sets them on the path to compensation. Maurice and Audrey Balchin, whose home at Wroxham, Norfolk, was once valued at £436,000, said the judgment opened the way to a possible £1 million-plus damages and injury claim, and ended 12 years of "absolute torture".



Maurice and Audrey Balchin at the High Court yesterday. They intend to claim for the damage caused to their finances and health. PHOTOGRAPH: IAN WALDIE

"Nobody disputes that Mr and Mrs Balchin have been innocent victims of the road scheme," he said. "It is believed to be the first time the ombudsman has been judged to have been at fault and he will have to reconsider. If he rules that there was maladministration, it opens the door to a large compensation claim. An estimated Mr Balchin, aged 61, said yesterday: "It has been the light at the end of the tunnel. For the past 12 years our lives have disappeared. There was no chance of selling it and the loans that Mr Balchin had raised to fund it were called in. The struggle to repay the bank, coupled with huge legal fees led to the collapse of Mr Balchin's building business.

Audrey Balchin became so ill that the couple moved out on medical advice. The couple applied to the High Court for a judicial review of the Ombudsman's ruling that there was no maladministration on the part of the then Transport Secretary, John MacGregor. He confirmed the road scheme without acting on a DOT Inspector's recommendation

that the council should act sympathetically towards them. The complaint to the ombudsman argued that Mr MacGregor had not sought the assurance that the couple would be adequately compensated for the blight. The Department of Transport said in a statement: "We are considering the judgment."

The author of Accidental Death of an Anarchist and 'Can't Pay, Won't Pay' said the treatment he was receiving required him to walk for several hours a day. "My doctor has told me that my recovery will be proportional to the number of kilometres I cover."

John Hooper in Rome

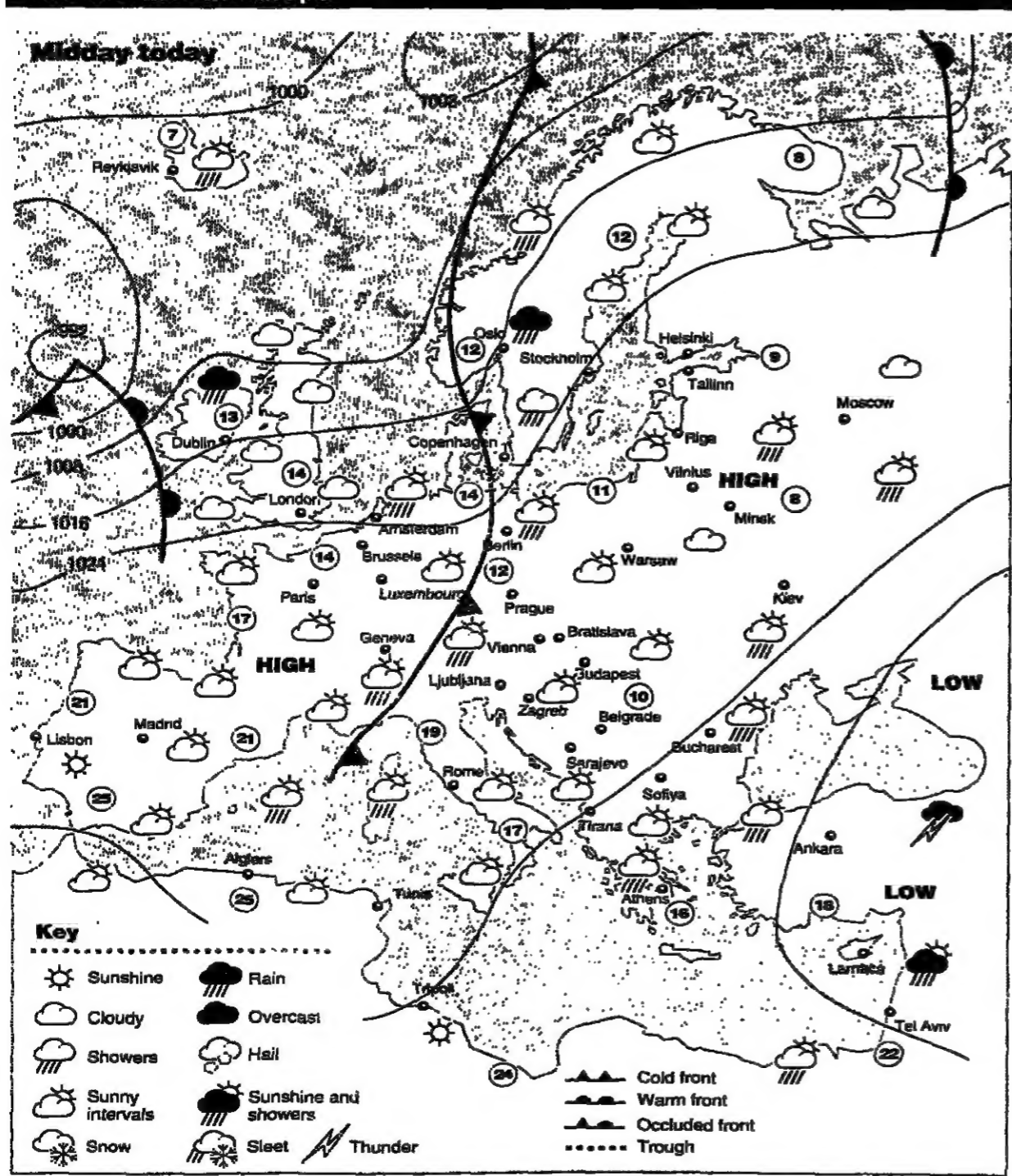
ITALY'S most celebrated dramatist, Dario Fo, has been left partially blind by a stroke, he revealed in an interview published yesterday. The actor and playwright said that for several months he had also had serious problems with his speech and memory. In July 1995, Mr Fo suddenly called off a tour of Europe. At the time, he was reported to have suffered a minor heart attack. But in an interview with La Stampa newspaper, he disclosed that his heart rate had accelerated, and that complications had developed. His vision was reduced by 90 per cent, lungs gave opened up in his memory and he began to forget even common words. "My problems originated on the vertical dividing line of the brain, between the two lobes, with a small lesion on one side and a sort of blurring on the other," he was quoted as saying. One consequence - worthy of one of his own plays - was that the scientific name or dictionary definition of something would come to his mind more readily than the ordinary one. He once referred to a cod as a "fast-swimming fish of the Baltic". The author of Accidental Death of an Anarchist and 'Can't Pay, Won't Pay' said the treatment he was receiving required him to walk for several hours a day. "My doctor has told me that my recovery will be proportional to the number of kilometres I cover."



Dario Fo: hero of radical left 'now forgets common words'

Mr Fo, aged 70, said his memory had improved and his speech recovered, but he still suffered heart palpitations and difficulties with his sight. He said "cross sections rather than the total vision". It has not prevented him from working. His first public appearance after his illness was in April when he performed his most famous solo piece, Mistero Buffo, in Milan. Since then, he has held a drama course in Denmark, helped stage exhibitions in Italy and the Netherlands, dubbed the soundtrack of an animated cartoon and appeared at several festivals. The politically committed Mr Fo is credited with being the world's most widely performed living playwright. He was a key figure in post-1968 Italy, a hero of the radical left who was once arrested for subversion.

The weather in Europe



Forecast for the cities

Table with columns for city, temperature, and weather conditions. Includes cities like London, Paris, Rome, and Moscow.

Around the world

Table with columns for location, temperature, and weather conditions. Includes locations like London, New York, and Tokyo.

European weather outlook

Summary of weather trends across Europe, mentioning high pressure over the North Sea and low pressure over the Mediterranean.

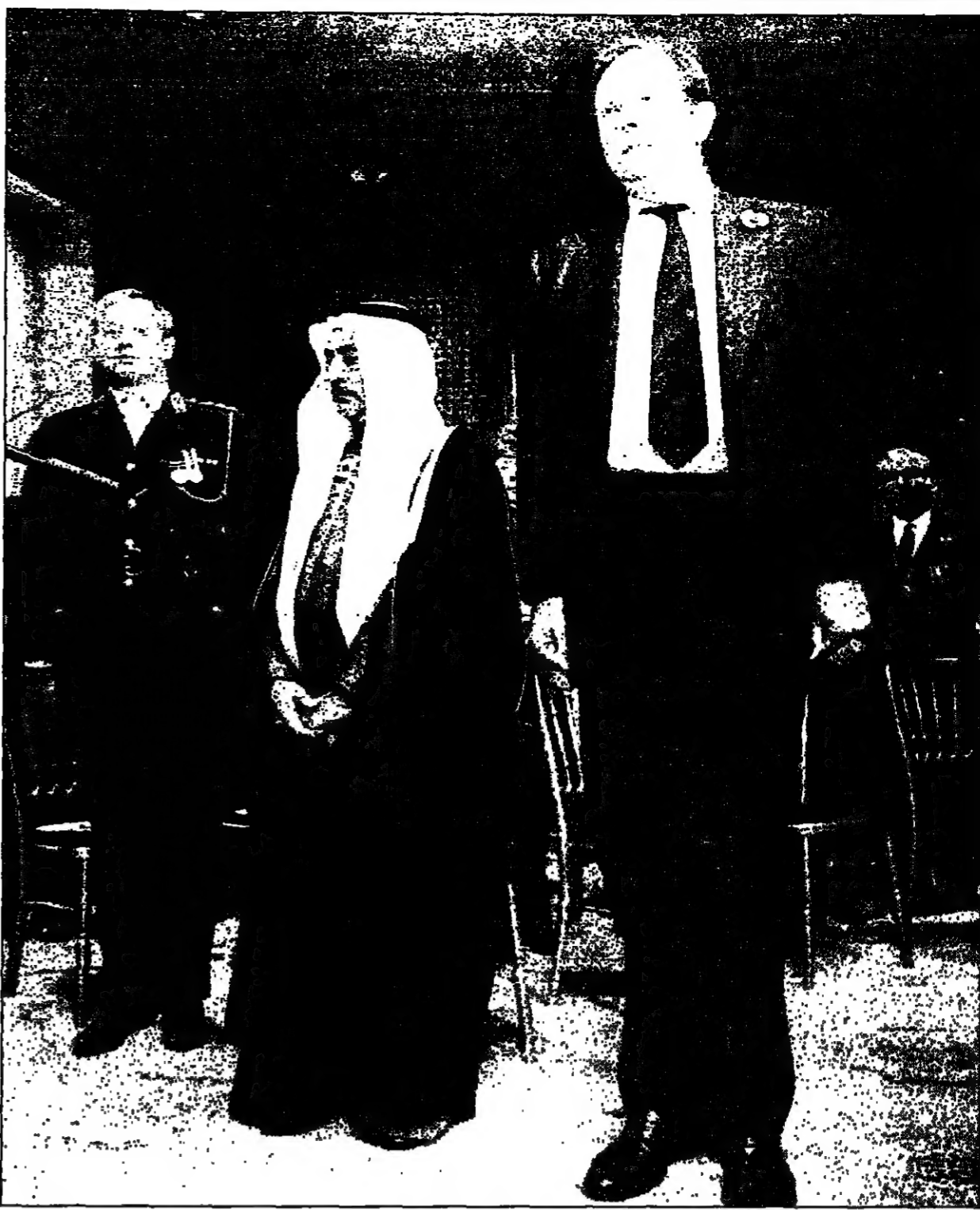
Television and radio - Saturday

Programme listings for Saturday, including BBC 1, BBC 2, BBC Prime, BBC World, and various radio channels like BBC Radio 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6.

Television and radio - Sunday

Programme listings for Sunday, including BBC 1, BBC 2, BBC Prime, BBC World, and various radio channels like BBC Radio 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6.

Large advertisement for Sir A... featuring a portrait of a man and promotional text.



Sir Archie as defence minister in 1990 with Royal Engineers wearing biological warfare suits in Saudi Arabia. Right: launching a Poppy Day appeal at the Kuwaiti embassy with the ambassador and Gulf commander Brigadier Christopher Hannabeck.

Sir Archie's question of judgment



HAMILTONS' TANGLED WEB

Lucrative interests of ex-minister who decides fate of MP

David Hencke
Westminster Correspondent

AS SIR Archibald Hamilton judges the merits of his disgraced name-sake's role in the cash for questions scandal, three of the aristocratic MP's consultancies will be paying him £9,500 this year to obtain, among other services, exclusive access to MPs' dining rooms in the House of Commons.

ately earned by an ex-minister who still wields influence in Parliament despite Lord Nolan's clean-up.

The careful wording of letters from company directors to the Eton and Guards educated MP show the sums companies are prepared to pay for dining in a wood-paneled room which bears the prestigious portcullis of the House of Commons.

While the directors are careful to make clear that they do not want Sir Archie to engage in advocacy, table parliamentary questions or motions, they are keen for him to have a quiet word in the right place.

"There may be occasions in the future when we could ask you to use your influence with Government to ensure that ministers are aware of how legislation affects the dairy industry. We would also like to make use of the dining facilities at the House of Commons," writes Woodgate Farms Dairy in Sussex, who are paying him £1,000 a year.

W S Atkins, the engineering and design conglomerate

and one of the most active companies in search of government privatisation contracts, pay him £6,500 to help them lobby ministers and entertain them in House of Commons dining rooms. "We look to you for help and assistance in methods of approaching ministers for the purposes of discussing policy in areas such as the Private Finance Initiative ... We may, from time to time, ask you to facilitate the use of dining rooms in the House of Commons," says the company.

Another £2,000 a year has secured the former defence procurement minister's services for Saladin Holdings, a security firm run by ex SAS major David Walker hired by Oliver North to carry out "certain special operations". These included blowing up a Managua arms dump in 1985 and providing helicopter pilots to support the Contras against the Sandinista government. Through Sir Archie the firm now wants access to the Commons dining rooms.

These three are part of Sir Archie's growing worldwide profile of lucrative interests

to top up his basic £43,000 a year MP's salary. The Treasury's Private Finance Initiative has not only strengthened his consultancy work for W S Atkins but brought in a £12,000 a year consultancy with Merrill Lynch Europe Ltd, international investment bankers, who want to finance some deals, which include leasing back the Treasury building and selling the entire social security office estate.

The "tiger economies" of South East Asia bring three directorships: Siam Selective Growth Trust; First Philippine Investment Trust and Philippines Securities.

To complete the picture Sir Archie has a £45,000 consultancy to Liton Industries Inc, a United States defence manufacturer, and over the summer has added a £10,000 directorship to Leaffield Engineering Ltd, an expanding Wiltshire company specialising in electronic, mechanical and explosive engineering.

"There may be occasions when we will look to you for Parliamentary advice and assistance with Government

orders," Bob Dyke, the company's development director wrote to him last July.

Sir Archie has had influence since he entered the Commons in 1978 for the safe Surrey seat of Epsom and Ewell. Since 1979 he has been a parliamentary private secretary to Lady Thatcher, a whip at the time Neil Hamilton asked his first questions for Mohamed-al-Fayed through lobbyist Ian Greer, and a defence minister from 1988 to 1993.

His right wing campaigning credentials include attacks on Arts Council spending, defending a big salary for Ian MacGregor, the man who oversaw the closure of many coal mines; opposing the televising of Parliament and demanding the privatisation of British Leyland in 1981.

He told three crippled Grenadier Guardsmen who had their legs blown off in an exercise and were refused army compensation to "find a job where they don't actually need their legs".

When he resigned as defence minister in 1993, his leaving present from the Ministry of Defence — a print of the Admiralty — was later discovered to be one of 161 prints and pictures which had gone missing or been stolen from the MoD's art collection.

He later ran into controversy when a company he formed — now dormant — called Crownridge Industries made a bid for army training ground in West Wales that he had closed as a minister.

His connection with Saladin, whose subsidiaries provided bodyguards for King Fahd of Saudi Arabia the Aga Khan and other wealthy foreign clients, caused embarrassment when it was found to be trying to take over the security services of the Foreign office. Sir Archie said he had "helped them out."

Despite these incidents and his strong views that MPs should not have to disclose their earnings from consultancies which Lord Nolan's report demanded, he has not breached any rules.

That is why he is regarded in Westminster by the Conservative establishment as a politician of "undisputed integrity."

Man of influence at Westminster

"I thought it very regrettable that Neil Hamilton was forced to resign. It would have been much better if he stayed in there because we're coming under a tremendous amount of slur and innuendo by partisan members of the media."

April 11 1995

To three crippled Grenadier Guardsmen whose legs were blown off in an exercise and were refused army compensation: "They could do a number of jobs in offices and so forth where they don't actually need legs."

June 20 1991

When opposing Nolan's reforms in the Commons: "It must be a good thing to get professional middle class people into this House. If they have got to do this on a salary of £32,000 a year, to be quite honest they are not going to come."

May 18, 1995

On the difficulties of ex-ministers: "If Mr [Tim] Yeo wants to get back into Government it would be better not to indulge in self-justification. It would be much better for him to be building new bridges to win the confidence of his constituents."

January 7, 1994

How veteran 'emerged' as Tory choice to sit on committee

Ewen MacAskill, Chief Political Correspondent

SIR Archibald Hamilton was approached earlier this week by the Tory whips office and asked if he was interested in sitting on the Standards and Privileges committee. The office, one of the most secretive institutions in politics, has the power of patronage over such jobs, as does its Labour counterpart.

The task of finding a replacement for Sir Geoffrey Johnson-Smith rested with the deputy whip, Andrew Mackay. The post was not advertised internally. Tory whips do not operate like that. In a tradition that owes something to public schools and private clubs. Anyone who applied for the job would automatically not have got it.

The arguments in favour of Sir Archie would have been that he is a senior backbencher, a privy councillor, former minister and former parliamentary private secretary to Lady Thatcher. A Conservative source described him as an MP of "undisputed integrity".

On the face of it, appointing someone who had been so prominent in his public defence of Neil Hamilton looks like political ineptitude. But the Conservative Party yesterday appeared relaxed about it. One argument put forward was that lots of Tory MPs had been

outsoken in favour of Mr Hamilton at the time in response to Labour attacks.

"This committee is not a jury," another source added. "Politicians are not like members of the public. You can't expect them to have remained silent. Labour is not complaining. They have approved it."

Why did Labour not block it? It had an opportunity. The whips office puts the name forward in a motion that goes to the floor of the Commons. If Labour had objected then, it would have forced a debate and a vote. With no objections, the motion was approved.

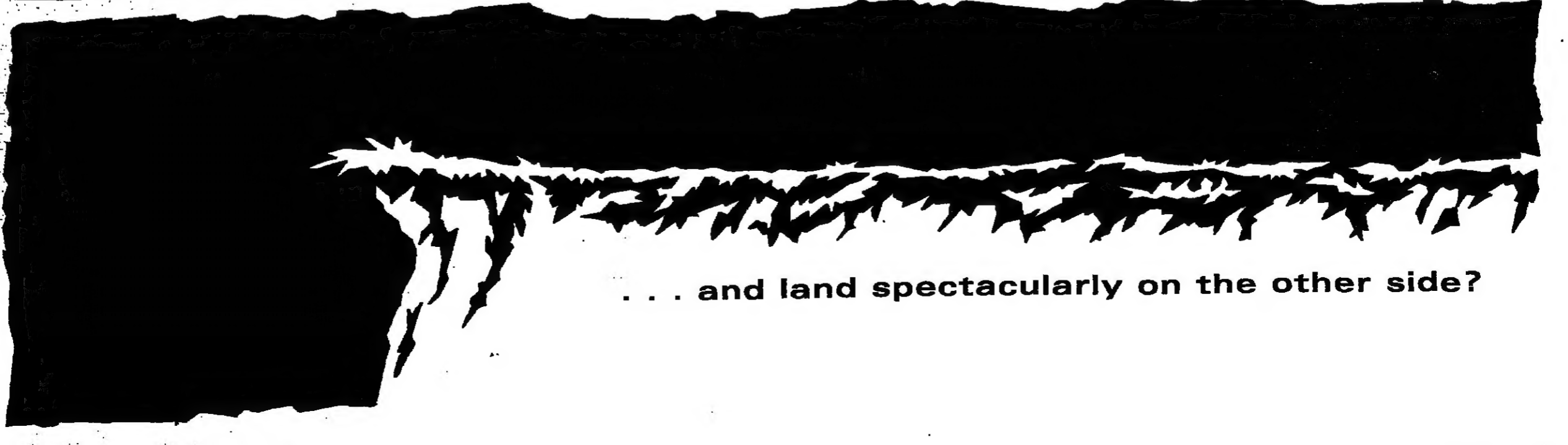
Would-be Conservative appointments to select committees have drawn plenty of objections in recent years, but the Tory majority has mostly ensured such objections were overruled.

Some Labour MPs considered blocking Sir Archie but in the end, no specific complaint could be laid against him.

Although he had backed Neil Hamilton more than a year ago, his comments had been directed primarily against trial by the media. Although Sir Archie has many outside interests, Labour had no reason to believe he had not disclosed them all in the register of member's interests.

Labour felt this was not enough to go into battle against a privy councillor. It would have brought open warfare, with all such appointments, including Labour ones, put on hold.

The selection of Labour's choice of member to replace Doug Hoyle [linked to the cash for questions affair] was relatively simple. There were several contenders and the Chief Whip, Donald Dewar, chose Ernie Ross, MP for Dundee West.



... and land spectacularly on the other side?

Trio cleared of fraud over mortgages

Clare Dyer
Legal Correspondent

THREE people convicted of fraud or attempted frauds totalling more than £1 million had their convictions quashed yesterday as a result of what the Court of Appeal described as a "glaring anomaly" in the criminal law.

The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Bingham, urged the Government to act swiftly to plug the loophole, exposed by the House of Lords in a mortgage fraud case last July.

The judgment, quashing three convictions and substituting a different offence in the other four cases, will serve as a guide for up to 400 pending cases.

The law lords ruled in July that charges for obtaining property belonging to another by deception — the usual charge for mortgage or cheque fraud — were wrongly brought because no identifiable property changes hands when money is transferred electronically, by telegraphic transfer or by cheque. The ruling has left prosecutors at a loss to know what charges to bring in such cases.

The Home Office said yesterday that it would back a Law Commission bill to plug the gap in existence since the 1968 Theft Act. The bill was introduced in the House of Lords this week by Lord

Goff of Chieveley, one of the law lords who decided the mortgage fraud case in July.

The appeal court heard seven test cases yesterday. Lord Bingham, Mr Justice Beldam and Mr Justice Cresswell quashed the convictions of Hemamali Graham, a solicitor from Streatham, south London, for attempted mortgage fraud; Rupe Lal Kansal, a disposable nappy manufacturer from Corby, Northamptonshire, for dishonestly obtaining regional development grants from the Department of Trade and Industry; and Sajid Pasha Ali, a former company director, for attempting to steal a credit of £1 million from NatWest Bank.

Prosecutors had asked the court to substitute convictions for related offences. But Lord Bingham said this could only be done if the jury was satisfied of facts which proved the defendant guilty of that other offence.

There was no basis for substituting an alternative verdict in the case of Mrs Graham, Mr Kansal or Mr Ali.

The court also heard appeals on behalf of four car dealers convicted of dishonestly obtaining cheques from finance or insurance firms.

Terence Marsh, Garry Graham, Paul Price and David Branson were found guilty of the alternative offence of procuring the execution of a valuable security — a cheque — by deception.



Wandering star... Exiled writer Wole Soyinka attempted to purge the death of Ken Saro-Wiwa from his psyche in a poem to feature at Poetry International. PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN GODWIN

Exiled Nigerian Nobel laureate honours executed compatriot 'fighter' with new poem

Dan Gleister
Arts Correspondent

ALMOST a year after the execution of the Nigerian writer and activist Ken Saro-Wiwa, his compatriot Wole Soyinka, winner of the 1986 Nobel prize for literature, arrived in Britain yesterday with a new

poem in his memory. Mr Soyinka will read *Calling Josef Brodsky* as part of the Poetry International at the Royal Festival Hall, London, tomorrow night.

Both Brodsky and Saro-Wiwa are a similar breed. Brodsky was a dissident and a fighter in his own way, and his death made

me think I needed to purge the tragedy of Ken Saro-Wiwa's death from my psyche. It was easier to tackle through the death of Josef Brodsky.

Mr Saro-Wiwa was executed on November 10, 1995. The Commonwealth recommended a time limit of two years for the transition to democracy in Nige-

ria. "It was like a slap on the wrist," said Mr Soyinka.

Mr Soyinka, who lives in exile, shuttles between countries, highlighting Nigeria's plight. He said: "I don't feel danger. I know it. When I remind myself of those in internal exile, I know my lot is better than theirs."

I never really knew you. I cling to yours because I own a closer death, a death that dared elude Prophetic sight. Dreams we all share, but close Presentiment may hover round the head, invisible To all its most concerns. We had become immune to dread.

Assailed by tortuous ways of evil we eschewed The literal. The loop was patient, a suspended sentence Hung over him, named Moses of Ogoniland.

Calling Josef Brodsky for Ken Saro-Wiwa by Wole Soyinka

News in brief

Medical trials halted over dose error

INDEPENDENT health experts are to investigate a prescription error which has halted the international trials of a new method of treating babies starved of oxygen at birth. Medical and university authorities stepped in after doctors monitoring the experiment in Britain discovered that experimental dosages were double the correct level.

Families involved in the scheme, designed to test the effectiveness of magnesium sulphate on babies suffering from birth asphyxia, are being offered advice and counselling while the investigation and a medical review of whether to resume testing takes place.

The study has tested babies in Europe, South Africa and Hong Kong under the supervision of senior staff at Leeds University. Work was stopped after two babies in Sweden and Finland suffered heart and breathing complications and analysis revealed the mistaken dosages.

An independent panel of experts has been appointed by the NHS Executive, the Medical Research Council and the university to investigate the error. — *Martin Wainwright*

£100m cocaine seizure

SEVEN Englishmen and a Colombian yesterday appeared before a Dutch investigating judge following the seizure of £100 million worth of cocaine. Two more Britons and a Russian also face further police questioning. The Dutch judge will rule on Monday whether to agree an application to keep the eight men in custody.

Police believe the drugs haul was destined for the North-west. It had been concealed in a container from Venezuela docked at Rotterdam and at several houses around the Netherlands. A total of 343 kilos of cocaine were seized. Police also raided 20 addresses on Merseyside and elsewhere in the North-west and recovered cash and a firearm in an operation linked to the drugs seizure.

X-rated e-mail banned

LEWD comments sent by e-mail can be construed as sexual harassment in Britain's first clampdown by a local authority.

Somerset county council yesterday became the first to include offensive remarks through the e-mail system as sexual harassment. The council is aiming to prevent lewd comments, sexual or offensive remarks and even attempts to make social arrangements from being transmitted via the council's e-mail system. Many other local authorities are planning to bring in similar measures. — *Sue's Bloomfield*

Lottery jackpot hits £22m

THE rollover jackpot for tonight's National Lottery draw has been estimated at £22 million. It is the 19th rollover since the lottery began nearly two years ago and the first since July, when 12 ticket holders shared a jackpot of £21.1 million. Camelot, the lottery's operator, said a rollover normally raised an additional £2.63 million for the good causes with an anticipated 20 per cent increase in ticket sales. The 17 rollovers so far have produced a total of 203 jackpot winning tickets. — *Andrew Culf*

Put back the clocks

BRITISH summer time may have appeared to have ended some time ago but the official end is at 2am tomorrow when clocks should be put back one hour.

Battered wife wins asylum ruling

Mother fears death by stoning if forced to return to Pakistan

Clare Dyer
Legal Correspondent

A BATTERED wife from Pakistan, who fears being stoned to death if forced to return, won a High Court decision yesterday which could pave the way for more women in her position to claim asylum in the UK.

Mr Justice Sedley ruled that wives rejected by their husbands for alleged adultery in such circumstances were a "social group" entitled to protection in this country under the 1951 UN refugees convention.

Few cases based on persecution within a social group have reached the courts in Britain, although judges in the US, Canada, New Zealand

and Australia have used this provision of the convention to protect refugees.

David Burgess, a solicitor specialising in immigration law, said the provision had not been used before by judges in Britain to protect women, although they were a persecuted group in many countries.

Nicholas Blake QC, an immigration law expert, said: "This ruling does enable a woman who can identify a particular risk by a particular regime related to her gender to claim protection." An example, successfully argued in Canadian and Australian courts, was the policy of forced sterilisation in China.

Acknowledging that the case raised "an undoubtedly difficult question" and that

his decision could add to the number of asylum seekers in Britain, the judge said the system was already "groaning under other burdens", such as bogus claimants and the "previously unimagined volume" of applicants. That called for "scrupulous attention" to every claim, but it could not "redefine the meaning of the convention".

He allowed an application by Syeda Shah, of Canning Town, east London, for her case to be considered by the Immigration Appeal Tribunal.

In August last year the tribunal refused the request after a special adjudicator ruled that, although she had already been persecuted by her husband and there was "a reasonable expectation" she would be again if she went back to him, she was not part of a social group entitled to asylum under the convention.

The adjudicator had been brought in after the Home

Secretary refused her claim for asylum.

Quashing the appeal tribunal's decision and ordering it to hear Mrs Shah's case, Mr Justice Sedley described how she had been brought up partly in Britain but when she was 17 returned to her homeland to marry.

She had six children — now looked after by an extended family — but she was driven out of her Pakistani home "after years of violence".

When she arrived back in the UK she found she was pregnant.

The judge said Mrs Shah "credibly feared" that if she returned to her husband's house she would be accused of conceiving the child adulterously. She would be exposed to trial under Sharia law, which prescribed stoning to death for adultery.

The Home Office said it was too soon to say whether the Government would appeal.

Adopted Nepali's last plea to stay

Kamal Ahmed

THE Nepalese man adopted by a British millionaire after a unique pact made in the Himalayas made a final plea to stay in Britain yesterday, the last stage in a four-year deportation battle.

Jay Khadka, aged 30, is challenging the Home Secretary's decision to deny him exceptional leave to remain in the country.

Mr Khadka, who arrived in Britain at the age of 14, said in the High Court in London that his life would be "torn apart" if he had to leave the community built up by his adoptive father, Richard Morley.

The court heard that the circumstances of Mr Khadka's arrival and his close bond with Mr Morley and other members of the "family" at Mr Morley's castle in Gloucestershire made his case unique.

After the two-hour hearing before Mr Justice Laws, who reserved judgment, Mr Morley said he would rather live in exile than lose touch with Mr Khadka. He said his family had already made inquiries about moving the community abroad and that they would renounce their British citizenship if Mr Khadka were forced to leave.

Mr Morley added: "We will not abandon our son to unhappiness."

Mr Morley returned to

Nepal in 1990 to find Mr Khadka after hearing that his father, Basu, had died. Mr Morley had made a pact to look after Mr Khadka should anything happen to Basu, a Nepalese policeman who had saved Mr Morley's life in 1984. Basu had spent three days searching for help when he found Mr Morley sick and exhausted during a trek through the Himalayas.

Nell Garnham, for the Home Office, said once the exceptional elements of the case were stripped away it was little different from other cases where the Home Secretary had decided on deportation.

Papers lodged with the court reveal more about the community Mr Morley has built up at Clearwell Castle,

the home Mr Khadka is set to inherit. In an affidavit, Mr Khadka said he had signed a lifelong contract with the community. "I am now eternally bound," he said.

The contract means he cannot marry outside the community.

The Immigration Appeals Tribunal, which described Mr Khadka as a "youth of exceptional promise", has recommended he be allowed to stay.

"The decision by the Secretary of State to fail to accede to the decision of the tribunal is unreasonable, so unreasonable as to be perverse," said Kobina Hammond, representing Mr Khadka.

Mr Justice Laws is expected to deliver his judgment next week.

Cash found to lift hospital ban on treating patients over 75

Chris Mitchell
Medical Correspondent

THE ban on treating patients aged over 75 at a west London hospital may be lifted within three weeks,

after the local health authority and social services came up with extra money, it was announced yesterday.

Hillingdon Hospital told GPs in the north of its catchment area early this month that it could no longer accept

emergency admissions of patients over 75 because they took longer to recover and were blocking beds. These patients should go to neighbouring Mount Vernon hospital, which has no full-scale casualty department.

Yesterday Hillingdon health authority said it had found £50,000 from reserves for an extra 30 beds in local nursing homes for the rest of this financial year. Social services would also make a contribution.



And how will the Audi A3's sports suspension cope with the odd falling piano?

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Socialist fortunes slump in Sofia



Gypsy children show their enthusiasm for Petar Stoyanov, the opposition presidential candidate, at a rally yesterday in the suburbs of the capital, Sofia

PHOTOGRAPH: OLEG POPOV

Julian Borger in Sofia

BULGARIA'S governing Socialist Party face a stinging defeat in tomorrow's presidential election after two years of economic decline, bread shortages and financial scandals.

Opinion polls are famously unreliable in Eastern Europe but they have become increasingly emphatic. The last polls before the election suggested the Bulgarian Socialist Party (BSP) candidate, Ivan Marazov, was between 11 and 20 percentage points behind his pro-reform opponent, Petar Stoyanov, of the Union of Democratic Forces (UDF).

The polls showed Mr Marazov, the minister of culture, faced a struggle even to reach the run-off which is due on November 3 if, as expected, no candidate wins an outright majority tomorrow.

A third contender, George Ganchev — regarded until recently as a joke candidate — appears to be winning support from impoverished Bulgarians, with one poll showing him four points ahead of Mr Marazov. Mr Ganchev, who spent much of the communist period running unspecified business ventures in the United States and Britain, says he will break off relations with Nato, the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund.

The polls reflect Bulgaria's continuing economic disaster, which has worsened since the Socialists won parliamentary elections in December 1994.

Output is expected to shrink by 3 per cent this year, while prices are up more than 40 per cent. Krassen Stanchev, an economist at the Institute for Market Economics

said: "Hyper-inflation is just around the corner."

A UDF victory would, however, be unlikely to produce any immediate policy reversals because the president has virtually no powers. The outgoing incumbent, Zhelyu Zhelev, is a veteran campaigner for political and economic reform, but has had no appreciable impact.

A heavy defeat for the Socialists would trigger demands for new parliamentary elections and deepen rifts within the party. It is already divided and nervous in the wake of the assassination on October 2 of Andrei Lukanov, a former prime minister and leader of the party's social democratic wing.

Lukanov's killers have not been found, but his allies within the party suspect a group of businessmen with links to the prime minister, Zhan Vidanov. The business circle, known as the Orion group, has been implicated in a series of financial scandals.

Senior BSP figures want a new party congress, an implied call for a change of leadership. Even Mr Marazov has tried to distance himself from the party. "I never held high position in the party, so I feel independent," he said this week. "I would distance myself from anyone if national interests demanded it."

Bulgarian political observers are apprehensive that some government officials may be tempted to rig or spoil the elections. Independent mathematicians who have conducted the count since 1991 have been sidelined this time, and replaced by a state-run company called Information Services. The firm was responsible for the first post-communist elections in 1990, which were tainted by allegations of impropriety.

Italian court denies Jews war compensation

John Hooper in Rome

JEWISH groups in Italy were outraged yesterday when judges ruled that Jews persecuted during the second world war were not generally entitled to compensation.

Tullia Zevi, president of the association which represents Italy's Jewish communities, said the ruling

was "either an error in the interpretation and application of the law, or an intentionally restrictive interpretation that constitutes an affront to Italian Jewry".

The case was brought by a group of about 30 Jews, most of whom were children when Benito Mussolini in 1938 enacted laws banning Jews from state schools and public employ-

ment, and curbing their marriage and property rights. Almost 8,000 of the 50,000 Jews in Italy were deported to death camps.

The plaintiffs sought a monthly payment of 600,000 lire (£260). But the judges ruled that granting their petition could "lead to a generalised recognition of the right to compensation of all members of the public of the Jewish race".

The court said the law offered compensation only to those who had been arrested, jailed or made to do forced labour because of their political convictions; those who had been sentenced to more than a year in prison for taking part in anti-fascist demonstrations; and those who could show they had suffered for their part in the anti-fascist struggle outside Italy.

DAVID HEARST watches Moscow's house of cards teeter

Kremlin warned of army mutiny

RUSSIA'S defence minister, General Igor Rodionov, warned yesterday that the army was on the verge of mutiny over unpaid wages and what he described as "appalling social conditions".

The normally circumspect minister threw caution to the wind and said that the shortage of funds was taking the armed forces "to the brink of undesirable and even uncontrollable events". This is the first time that a member of Russia's general staff has said that they could lose control of their men.

Last week, a letter was published in a newspaper in which army officers threatened to use force if their wages were not paid. Most of the 1.5 million strong army have still not received their wages for the month of August.

The warning came as President Boris Yeltsin appealed to the feuding factions in the Kremlin to stop fighting. He said in a weekly radio address

recorded from his sanatorium: "I want to remind the politicians: Russia has made its choice for the next four years... there have been among struggles for influence, fights for jobs, criticism and electioneering. It is time to work."

Mr Yeltsin's carefully rehearsed comments were designed to give the impression that his absence from the Kremlin was temporary, and that he would return to take up the reins of power.

But this remains more in doubt than ever, and while uncertainty remains, the Kremlin's authority will continue to hemorrhage.

General Alexander Lebed, the dismissed security chief, has stayed out of the political fray this week. But Gen Rodionov's statement yesterday reinforced Gen Lebed's previous warnings about the dangerous state of army morale.

Gen Rodionov told a meeting of army veterans: "If the 1997 defence budget is not changed, Russia may lose the

armed forces as an integral and active state structure, with all the consequences which would follow that." He said the draft budget, rejected last week, would meet only one-third of the armed forces' minimum needs.

The warning of a mutiny came hard on the heels of another blow to the government when the International Monetary Fund decided to delay a crucial \$340 million (£214 million) loan payment, the September instalment of a three-year \$10 billion loan.

The IMF team left Moscow after 10 days expressing dissatisfaction with the Russian government's attempts to raise tax revenues.

The signal from the IMF will make it harder for Russia to launch a \$1 billion Euro-bond international borrowing programme.

Anatoly Chubais, the head of the president's administration who is accused by his enemies of governing Russia as a regent, haughtily denied

that the economy was close to crashing.

"They say a month, a week, three days remain until a large-scale disaster," Mr Chubais said. "This is a forecast for all times and apparently some forces' instrument of attaining their own political goals."

Mr Chubais promised that the measures to recover tax revenue by force announced last week would work. "The situation will be dramatically changed. No financial disaster will befall the country," he said.

However, Russia's finance minister, Alexander Livshits, told parliament this week that the budget was under "extreme stress".

Mr Livshits said that over the first nine months of the year federal revenues were just 71 per cent of targets, forcing huge spending cuts.

Tax revenues over that period met only 65 per cent of targets, leaving the government 71 trillion roubles (\$8 billion) short.

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Dual agency exercises power behind Russia's wobbly throne

ANATOLY CHUBAIS has always evoked extreme reactions. To some, he is the quick-witted saviour of Russia's transformation to a market economy. To others, he is the biggest plunderer of state assets since Genghis Khan.

As head of the presidential administration, the 40-year-old economist organised the size of the former Communist Party Central Committee. It acts as a parallel government.

If Boris Yeltsin's ex-bodyguard, Lieutenant-General Alexander Lebed, is to be believed, Mr Chubais not only drafts the decrees for the president to sign, but dominates cabinet meetings.

Mr Chubais first became a player on the political scene in 1991, when he was appointed chairman of the main privatisation committee.

But his career as a privatiser went into decline after a series of scandals. In January this year he was dismissed by Mr Yeltsin as first deputy prime



minister after the disastrous performance of the government party Our Home is Russia. Mr Chubais then hit on a masterstroke. He involved Tatyana Dyachenko, the president's daughter, in his team and so established a link with Mr Yeltsin. Mr Chubais introduced high finance, modern media techniques and advisers into Mr Yeltsin's re-election campaign — and was rewarded with the top job.

TATYANA DYACHENKO, Boris Yeltsin's younger daughter, is creating the image of a virtual president — one who rules in spirit if, from the confines of his sanatorium, he cannot rule in the flesh.

Her friends call her a democrat at heart. Galina Stukovoi, co-ordinator of Democratic Russia, and a friend of the Yeltsin family said of her: "She entered politics very recently, but she got a taste for it."

Ms Dyachenko has given few interviews and has only once represented her father. Her influence is a back-room one.

When two of Anatoly Chubais's campaigners were arrested in the White House trying to carry out \$30,000 in bribes, Mr Chubais called Tatyana to alert Mr Yeltsin.

Mr Chubais alleged the security forces, under the influence of Lieutenant-General Alexander Korzhakov, the president's former security chief, were staging a "coup". Whatever the truth, Mr Chubais won and Gen Korzhakov lost.



Insiders say Mr Chubais manipulates the president's daughter, and that his appointment as head of the presidential administration was due to her influence. Both have placed their sons in the same expensive public school in Somerset.

A 36-year-old computer engineer once dismissed as a lightweight by Mr Yeltsin's inner circle, Tatyana now finds herself in the position of being the president's main political adviser.

One in 10 US adults does not know that Bill Clinton is the Democratic nominee. Jonathan Freedland The Week p13

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PERSON WHO LEAVES TOO MUCH MONEY IN ORDINARY SAVINGS ACCOUNT WILL KICK SELF IN FUTURE.

Jenny Norton in Tashkent finds Uzbeks taking pride in a relaunched and repackaged national hero

Flags out for new Tamburlaine



THE repackaging of the medieval warlord Tamburlaine as Central Asian renaissance man climaxed this week in Uzbekistan with flag-festooned celebrations of the 600th anniversary of the warrior's birth.

Better known in the West as the man who conquered huge tracts of land from Europe to India, leaving piles of skulls to prove it, Tamburlaine is undergoing a big revival in the former Soviet republic, under the slogan "My strength is in justice".

Almost everyone has been drawn into the months of preparation for the celebrations. No political speech or wedding toast has been complete without a reference to Amir (Prince) Timur. Schoolchildren have been doing special projects on him and even the Uzbek Women's Committee held a conference recently to study his "progressive" attitude towards women.

The Tashkent skyline has been transformed by a huge blue-domed Timur museum put up in record time, and the capital is emblazoned with portraits and quotes from Tamburlaine's works. Even the upmarket Meridien Hotel displays a discreet banner reading "Amir Timur 1336 to 1398".

At a summit bringing together the leaders of neighbouring Turkic-speaking states, the assembled presidents, including Suleyman Demirel of Turkey, indulged in a little nostalgia for the golden age of Samarkand. There was talk of the "great culture and spirituality of the Turkic-speaking people". Tamburlaine was portrayed as an enlightened prince presiding over a glorious Turkic empire.

At a conference sponsored by Unesco (the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation), academics and politicians discussed Tamburlaine's role in world history. The distinguished Central Asian writer Chinua Achebe called him a "Turkic superman".

The message is that after hundreds of years of being a backwater under Russian and then Soviet domination, Uzbekistan — the most populous country in Central Asia — wants to find its own place on the world stage and economy, with its own post-communist identity.

But the week's events have also shown that Uzbekistan is not quite free of the Soviet-era propensity to massage historical fact.

No mention has been made of the darker side of the Tamburlaine story — the fact that he destroyed cities as well as building them. Critics in Tashkent suggest that it would have been more appropriate to celebrate his 666th anniversary. A perusal of chilling accounts of his massacre of thousands of men, women and children during the sacking of Delhi in 1398 shows they have a point.

Uzbek politicians and teachers argue that they are simply redressing the balance after distortions of Tamburlaine's image under Soviet rule. Ordinary people, proud to have a new local hero, are ready to believe that the bloodthirsty picture of him painted in Soviet times was false.



A 19th-century illustration by Bourdet of Tamburlaine, who conquered land from Europe to India

"We weren't told the truth about Timur before. He was a peaceful man and all that stuff we learnt in school was completely wrong," said Kadrat, a driver.

It is not just Tamburlaine's violent side that has been overlooked. In the enthusiasm for the pan-Turkic ideal, no one wants to talk about Timur's brutal suppression of part of what is now Turkey. And then there is the question of his ethnic identity. Tamburlaine is being held up as an Uzbek national hero although he came from Turkic-Mongol stock.

The Uzbeks were a nomadic tribe who came to Central Asia later. They routed Tamburlaine's descendants and destroyed his cities. As a new nation, Uzbekistan is still trying to get to know itself. The Tamburlaine celebrations leave the feeling that this vast and potentially prosperous country could make a future on firmer foundations if it learnt the full story of its past.

Tibet faces atheist crusade

John Gittings

CHINA has launched a fierce campaign to teach atheism to Tibetan Buddhists, while rejecting the Dalai Lama's latest offer of negotiations as a "plot against the motherland".

Education in atheism, the official Tibet Daily newspaper says, is urgently needed so that Tibetans can "break free of the bewitchment [of religion]... and expose the Dalai's tricks".

The campaign is in bizarre contrast to a "religious fever" elsewhere in China which has won many converts, including Communist Party members to Buddhism and Christianity.

Beijing insists that the Dalai is seeking independence from China. But speaking on Thursday to the European Parliament in Strasbourg, he again proposed an agenda for talks which would exclude independence.

Reiterating his "middle way approach" (which upsets more radical Tibetan campaigners abroad), he said his goal was genuine self-government for Tibet.

He even suggested that Tibetans "could benefit from joining the 1 billion Chinese of their own free will".

The Dalai also pointed out that the Chinese democracy movement, which previously ignored Tibet, is beginning to support Tibetan demands. Beijing has protested at the European Parliament's award of the 1996 Sakharov prize to Wei Jingsheng. Mr Wei, serving his second long jail sentence for political protest, has argued that Tibetans should have the right to self-determination.

On Thursday a Chinese foreign ministry spokesman denounced the European Union for "injuring the feelings of the Chinese people".

In another sign of a tightening up in Lhasa, China has formally charged Ngawang Choephel, a Tibetan Fulbright scholar who disappeared while travelling in Tibet a year ago.

Mr Choephel, says the New York organisation Human Rights in China, is an ethnomusicologist who went to Tibet to make a film about traditional music. China has accused him of gathering "sensitive intelligence".

Tibetans abroad have become more wary of visits home as the Chinese crackdown has got under way. Communist Party documents published in Lhasa now call for struggle against the "class enemies" — a Maoist concept long abandoned elsewhere in China.

Reuters adds from Beijing: The Chinese dissident Wang Dan, a student leader in Tiananmen Square in 1989, will go on trial on Wednesday on the capital charge of plotting to overthrow the government according to a family member. Mr Wang has been detained since May 1995 and had already served four years in prison.

News in brief

Hurricane hits Cuba hospitals

Cuba has reported that its health services have been severely hit by Hurricane Lilly which swept across the country last week, the United Nations said yesterday. Relying on appeal for international assistance, the UN said 21 hospitals and dozens of clinics had been damaged, and the water supply through the country contaminated. — Reuters.

'Mad cow' protest

Cattle breeders blocked roads, airports and rail links in central France yesterday demanding government aid to

make up for falling meat consumption over fears of mad cow disease, police and unions said. — Reuters.

Waste fuel arrests

Eight people have been arrested in Germany for illegally selling contaminated sludge as fuel following raids on offices and factories, prosecutors said yesterday. — AP.

Cult confession

A policeman who belonged to the Aum Shinri Kyo cult accused of last year's Tokyo underground attack has confessed to shooting Japan's police chief, Takaji Kunimatsu, at the height of investigations into the sect, government officials said. — Reuters.



An elderly Rwandan woman, her feet bleeding from three days of walking, joins thousands fleeing refugee camps in Zaire

UN urges Hutu refugees in Zaire to flee to Rwanda

Tutsi rebels warn of wider conflict ahead

Chris McGreal in Kigali

ZAIRE'S Banyamulenge Tutsi rebels, who have seized large parts of the country's east, yesterday demanded the resignation of the ailing president, Mobutu Sese Seko, and warned of similar uprisings across the country unless the government is prepared to negotiate.

Sadako Ogata, the head of the UNHCR, the United Nations refugee agency, appealed to more than 1 million Rwandan Hutu refugees to return home to escape a widening conflict in eastern Zaire between Tutsis and the army, which the UN says has sent hundreds of thousands fleeing from some camps and cut food supplies to the others.

"Because of your current ordeal, I am sure you will consider where you will be safer — in Rwanda or Zaire, Mrs Ogata said.

"That is a decision for you to make. However, I am sincerely asking you to remember that refugees have recently returned to Rwanda from Burundi [and] human rights observers report that

they are now resuming busy lives," she said on radio.

But there was no sign that it would change the minds of people who have stubbornly resisted returning.

Renewed fighting flared near the town of Uvira, on Zaire's border with Burundi. Mortar fire was heard repeatedly overnight but it was not clear if Banyamulenge rebels had taken the town. The Zairean Tutsis advanced closer to the regional capital, Bukavu.

A Banyamulenge spokesman in Rwanda, Muller Rumbinka, said the rebels intended to take Bukavu and demand talks with the government. Among the rebel conditions, he said, would be the resignation of Mr Mobutu, who is being treated in Switzerland for prostate cancer, and the dismissal of local officials blamed for creating the crisis by colluding with Rwandan Hutu extremists to kill Zairean Tutsis.

"Our objective is to take the whole of Kivu. We are taking this land because we have to protect our wives and children from the Hutu militias who want to kill us with the help of the Zairean army and

the authorities. We have demands. We want Mobutu to go. We want provincial governor to go. Otherwise I think other people will join the insurrection in other parts of the country," he said.

Mr Rumbinka said the rebels control an area about 200 miles long and up to 100 miles wide near the Burundian and Rwandan borders.

About 300,000 Rwandan and Burundian Hutu refugees have fled camps in the face of a rapid advance by the Banyamulenge towards Bukavu. The UN World Food Programme says it has enough supplies to feed for three days those refugees already in Bukavu, but not the large number of new arrivals.

Further north, hundreds of thousands of refugees are considering fleeing their camps near Goma, fearing Tutsi rebels are preparing a renewed assault after taking several areas within striking distance. Aid routes to Goma are already cut.

Even if the Rwandan Hutus do flee their camps, it is likely they will head deeper into Zaire, or perhaps north to Uganda.

Magic soldiers of Sierra Leone are transformed

Claudia McElroy reports from Bo on the hunters who fight rebels with mirrors

IN their colourful tunics and cloth caps, adorned with talismans, shells and mirrors, primitive rifles and muslunge over their shoulders, Kamajor hunters may appear more akin to Robin Hood's merry men than to a feared and respected fighting force.

Yet since the outbreak of civil war in Sierra Leone five

years ago, these traditional hunters have transformed themselves into a formidable civil defence force. They claim to have ancient magical powers which have been more successful against the rebels of the Revolutionary United Front than the military tactics of the army.

"We undergo a special ceremony which we call 'black juju' or 'magic'," said Chief Mohamed Samukai Bailay, one of about 1,500 Kamajors in Bo district. "Sometimes extracts of the Koran are made into talismans or Koranic verse is written directly on clothing. Special herbs are burnt and put inside cuts in the hunters' flesh."

The mirrors are said to

allow the hunter to look into the future. "These methods are very effective in making us immune against bullets — provided we adhere strictly to the magic and to our laws."

All agree that the most punishing of these laws requires avoidance of sexual intercourse. "We're also not allowed to eat creatures that crawl on their belly, such as snakes and lizards," said Chief Bailay. "If these laws are broken there will be repercussions, which may lead to death."

Such traditions have been practised for centuries by Kamajor hunters in the south and east of the country to protect them while hunting dangerous animals. "When the

rebels see that their bullets do not pierce our skin, they panic, so psychologically we have already won the battle," Chief Bailay said. But the magic does not work for everyone. In a recent initiation of 160 Kamajors, at least six died and seven were hospitalised with gunshot wounds.

Although officially the Kamajors are mere army auxiliaries, rivalry between the two forces has sometimes been bloody. The Kamajors put this tension down to jealousy on the army's part.

"Civilians trust us more, because it has often been impossible to distinguish between soldiers, rebels and bandits. Yet the army continues to provoke, harass and

beat us," said Chief Matthias Leiby-Lagbenior III, chairman of the Bo district Kamajors. "We are defending our own communities, so have a vested interest in maintaining security. This has brought relative peace to some areas, and given people confidence to return home."

The Kamajors are undoubtedly popular. One businessman said that when Bo was attacked by rebels in December 1994, civilians groups such as the hunters were its best defenders. But the Kamajors complain that promised logistical support from the army has not been forthcoming. "If we had better arms and ammunition we could bring a speedy end to

this bloody war," said Chief Lagbenior.

The euphoria which surrounded Sierra Leone's first democratic elections in almost three decades has been dampened by the new government's failure to end the war, which has already cost an estimated 15,000 lives.

Despite the ceasefire agreed in April between the government and RUF, civilians in rural areas still bear the brunt of a terror campaign by rebels and renegade soldiers.

"The aftermath of this war will be organised banditry across the country," said Chief Lagbenior. History will prove us right: the Kamajors will be indispensable for many years to come."

Torture is 'rife in Pakistan'

TORTURE, including rape and similar cruel and degrading treatment, is rife in Pakistan, according to a report by the United Nations special rapporteur on torture, Professor Nigel Rodley, writes Owen Bennett Jones in Geneva.

He says the use of torture to secure confessions "is perpetuated by the virtual impunity from criminal sanction of the perpetrators of these grave crimes".

Professor Rodley compiled his report after travelling to Pakistan in February and March of this year. The Pakistani mission to the UN in Geneva said the report "is unnecessarily judgmental".

Third World's lethal dose

PHARMACEUTICAL companies are failing to take action against a Third World trade in fake medicines, which leads to hundreds of deaths every year, writes Alex Duval Smith in Paris.

An investigation by Le Monde said that fake pharmaceuticals account for 60 per cent of drugs and vaccines administered in Africa, 30 per cent in Brazil and 7 per cent across the world. Some are harmless in themselves, like syrings containing water or pills made with starch.

Others are potentially deadly. The newspaper said that 109 children died in Nigeria in 1990, after eating syrup for a stomach ailment which contained anti-freeze.

09/10/96

Lord Gladwyn

Making our world

GLADWYN Jebb, who has died aged 96, was Britain's first United Nations permanent representative and a key figure in shaping the institutions of the post-war world.

He joined the Diplomatic Service in 1924 after Eton and Magdalen College, Oxford, where he got a first in history. He had served in Tehran and Rome when I first met him in 1929 just as he joined the Foreign Office. He was then four years my senior, and private secretary to the dynamic, or dreadful — according to one's point of view — Hugh Dalton, then a junior Foreign Office minister in the 1929-31 Labour government. Gladwyn found Dalton dynamic and they got on very well.

When Gladwyn married and went to Rome, I went to Washington. I had known his wife Cynthia before their 1929 marriage and soon after my return I had lunch with them. Gladwyn was already reputed to be cold, unapproachable and rather arrogant. This was misleading. I soon found out that underneath the formidable exterior was a warm-hearted fellow with a touch both of shyness and, indeed, of a rather endearing naivete. He was a delightful, witty and stimulating companion for those who broke through the barrier, and always good for a leg-pull.

In the mid 1930s he was appointed assistant economic adviser, a wide-ranging post which encouraged his versatility, and soon developed his capacity for dashing off, in his elegant and fluent handwriting, memoranda on almost any subject at the drop of a hat. He would have made a brilliant foreign editor or political commentator.

Next, as private secretary to Sir Alexander Cadogan, from 1937 to 1940 and then as his old friend Hugh Dalton's chief adviser in the wartime Special Operations Executive, he displayed efficiency, organising ability and stamina. He came back from SOE in 1942 to run the economic and reconstruction department of the Foreign Office, in effect a think-tank concerned with immediate problems — such as relief, and long-range post-war reconstruction. Gladwyn was in his element and, from this moment on, a spate of memoranda flowed ceaselessly from his desk.

He had a unique talent for policy creation and analysis and his fertile mind was constantly putting forward new ideas, mostly of old ones. From 1942 he was a key figure in the evolution of the post-war settlement, and the structure of the UN. His keen intellect and powers of articulate exposition made him a negotiator in the run-up to the 1945 San Francisco conference that set up the UN. Following this, his organising ability and efficiency as acting secretary-general of the UN ensured that the new institution got off to a good start. In 1946, as political under-secretary at the Foreign Office he was one of the most influential of the new Labour foreign secretary, Ernest Bevin's advisers in the negotiation and execution of the Western alliance. He had a great admiration for Bevin which was reciprocated in large measure. "Whatever you may say about Gladwyn," Ernie said, "he's never dull."

Gladwyn had been acting as UN adviser to Bevin for a

Gladwyn was always ready to react and take a positive line, rather than dither and wait for instructions

couple of years when he was appointed British permanent representative in New York. He arrived in 1950 at the outbreak of the Korean War. It was familiar territory, but the situation in the UN Security Council was critical. The Soviet representative, Yakov Malik, was young, good looking, quick-witted, articulate and a natural television star. Gladwyn's predecessor Alec Cadogan, for all his great qualities, had been a poor communicator. The elderly United States representative, Senator Warren Austin, also had good qualities, but came over in public as an old fuddy-duddy. Chauvel, the French representative, was also reserved and unimpressive in public. It was the dawn of the nation-wide

hook-up in television in the US, the Security Council was news, and Malik was easily winning the propaganda battle.

Enter Gladwyn — good-looking, quick-witted, articulate and sardonic. He was more than a match for Malik; and in American terms, the winner of the debate. He was hailed as the paladin of the West; his popularity shot to dizzy heights in the ratings. He was overwhelmed by public acclaim. His head was far too firmly screwed on for it to be turned by this adulation. But it represented a timely propaganda success. Thereafter, his popularity waned a little, and a member of his staff recalls the gloom in the office when he was ousted from 12th place in the ratings by Marilyn Monroe. But he remained a key player in New York, and he enjoyed every minute of the game.

I had the unenviable task, as deputy secretary of state dealing with the 1952-53 Anglo-Persian oil dispute, of recalling him from leave in Scotland and sending him back to New York to cope with the prime minister of Persia (now Iran) Muhammad Mossadeq. Gladwyn did not give a murmur of complaint. "I'll take him on," he said cheerfully. "If he bursts into tears I'll follow suit; if he faints, I'll faint and be carried out with him."

His owed his prowess as UN representative partly to his knowledge and experience of the institution, but also to his self-confidence. In his position it is not always possible to get instructions: Gladwyn was always ready to react quickly and take a positive line, rather than dither while waiting for instructions.

In the US he was, after his performance on TV, much in demand for public speeches. In this activity, he was less successful. His speeches were usually much too long, with few light touches, and his delivery was poor. He quotes in *The Memoirs of Lord Gladwyn* (1972) a letter he received from a correspondent in Los Angeles, telling him that his speech had been too long and boring and that he dropped his voice at the end of every sentence. Characteristically, he continued to drop his voice in the House of Lords. I often thought that, on account of their poor de-

livery, his speeches had less impact than they deserved.

In December 1953, Gladwyn was appointed ambassador in Paris and almost at once began his advocacy of closer British integration in Europe. His thinking on European policy developed slowly. He had been shrewd enough to see clearly, when the Council of Europe was formed, that Churchill's romantic view — in his Zurich speech — of a united Europe did not mean that the United Kingdom would be part of it. Although always in favour of a closer British association with the continent, he realised that in the early 1950s there was virtually no support in the UK for the concept of a federal Europe and did not propose it.

In the aftermath of the 1956 Suez crisis he quickly assessed the disenchantment of the French with the UK and discerned the re-direction of French policy towards a close link with Germany. He became an increasingly insistent advocate of the full integration of the UK into a European community, and a sharp critic of Whitehall's thinking, especially of their projects for the European Free Trade Area and an industrial free trade area. The flow of despatches and memoranda giving his views and proposals was unabated.

AS AMBASSADOR in Paris he was a success, and he understood and got on well with

President de Gaulle. But there was a great difference between his experiences during his Foreign Office days, and his later time in Paris, for in the first period, he was working with the grain of official policy and in the second against it. His enjoyment and satisfaction in the first period was followed by some sadness and disillusionment in the second. He was also certainly disappointed at not being selected to succeed Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick as Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office in 1957, though he was far too starting a character to show it or indeed to feel resentment. Probably he was better placed in Paris. He had shown his competence as an administrator, but he would



Dynamic diplomat... Lord Gladwyn had a unique talent for policy creation and analysis

not have been so good at management and staff relations.

Throughout his official career his advice and recommendations, so clearly and fully traced in his *Memoirs*, were prescient. His errors of judgment, which he freely recognised, were relatively few, and in particular he correctly predicted the course of events leading up to the 1957 Treaty of Rome which established the European Economic Community, and beyond.

But even in Paris, his manner told against him. Though he stood up manfully against his own government's European policy he never managed fully to convince the French that he really liked and admired

them and fought their corner. He could certainly be sharp and scornful in company and he often said things, usually unconsciously I think, which upset people. For example, a couple whom he had entertained at the Embassy met him some weeks later and thanked him warmly again for inviting them. "Oh," said Gladwyn, "did you come?" He had a good sense of humour, but it tended to lurk below the surface.

On his retirement in 1960 — when he became an hereditary peer, Lord Gladwyn — his advocacy of UK integration into the European Community continued to be expounded energetically in speeches in the House of Lords, in the Atlantic Insti-

tute, in the Common Market campaign, the Atlantic Treaty Association, of which he became chairman, and all other available channels. He worked on with quite remarkable energy and concentration, and undoubtedly had an effect.

He once made it clear that he had hoped for the offer of a job from the Conservative government while sitting on the cross benches from 1960 and that when nothing happened he had then joined the Liberal Party, in 1965. But he certainly found a congenial home there, and acted as spokesman for them with distinction for many years on foreign affairs and defence. Perhaps at heart he was more of a politician, or

rather a publicist, than a bureaucrat.

Gladwyn was a man of character and integrity. He had the courage of his convictions, and physical courage too. After a massive stroke, he refused to give in, as many men would have done, but fought his way back to full participation in political and social life. His other books included *Is Tension Necessary?* (1959) and *Europe After de Gaulle* in 1970. His wife died in 1990, he is survived by a son and two daughters.

Lord Sheffield

Hubert Miles Gladwyn Jebb (Lord Gladwyn), diplomat, born April 25, 1900; died October 24, 1996

Diana Trilling

The company of critics

THE writer Diana Trilling, who has died aged 91, was born to affluent New York Jewish parents. She was an anxious child, and despite her intellectual courage always remained anxious, despite the ministrations of many psychoanalysts. After graduating from Radcliffe College she moved into advanced leftwing circles, and, having married Lionel Trilling, experienced for a while what he called "a tenuous relation with the Communist Party". This phase ended in 1935, and the Trillings, retaining members of "the hated middle class", strove successfully to hold on to their liberal position, no easy feat in 1930s New York.

In her double biography of herself and her husband, *The Beginning of the Journey*, she remarks on their privileged lives as children — she driven to school by her father's chauffeur, he allowed to play with other boys on the Upper West Side, but having his sandwiches brought to him by a servant. The crash of the ruined both families, and thereafter the couple lived a mildly bohemian life on his meagre Columbia salary and were never rich again.

Towards the end of her long life Diana listed the company she had kept in those days "so strange, difficult, ungenerous, unreliable, unkind and not altogether honest people who created the world which Lionel and I shared" — among them Elton Cole, Herbert Sollow (who would "move from a house to another, leaving his gift of gloom, like a cat depositing a half-eaten bird at the feet of his master") and Whitaker Chambers, the "tragic comedian" of the Hess



For richer for poorer... Diana Trilling in 1981 THOMAS VICTOR

trial, and the Gifford Maxim of Trilling's novel *The Middle of the Journey*.

By 1950 Trilling was the celebrated author of *The Liberal Imagination*, and his fame did not diminish until his death in 1978. Meanwhile, they lived and entertained in their apartment on Claremont Avenue, just round the corner from Columbia University. Among those who frequented the apartment were students of Trilling later to be celebrated, for example, Steven Marcus, Norman Podhoretz and John Hollander.

Diana, who had trained as a singer, and then studied art history, made a modest beginning as a reviewer, preferring to leave her reviews unsigned; she blamed her father for suppressing her strong instinct for display and celebrity. It seemed natural for a woman

of her generation to put her husband's interests first, but her authority as a fearless commentator in her own right on books and politics soon declared itself. As queen of Claremont she had, uniquely, the respect of the New York intelligentsia, even when, as many did, they became the object of her scorn or disapproval. Some who were condemned were later reprieved, but some, for example Lillian Hellman, were not.

Despite much illness and failing eyesight she published several good strong books, among them the collections *Claremont Essays* (1964) and *We Must March, My Darlings* (1977). Her book *Mrs Harris* (1981) is a report of the trial of the author of the *Sourdate Diet*. Her finest achievement as a

writer was *The Beginning of the Journey* (1983). The mere composition was heroic, for she was in her late eighties and virtually blind. It adds to the political and social history of New York in the 1930s and is splendid not only about her own life and Lionel's, acquaintances might not guess that he was often morose and ill-tempered, unhappy with his sedate manner of life, and constantly regretting that he had achieved fame as a critic, not as a novelist.

For the first time Diana showed in a book the candour and occasional hilarity that made her talk so delightful. She called her husband's prose "firm and flexible" an admirable description of her own use of language.

She blamed herself for what she thought of as her underachievement, her dropping out of both staging and art history (her son, a distinguished art historian), and her first steps as a writer were timid. Her many illnesses and "ram-pant superego" were contributory causes; she says, she was "silly" which despite her formidable presence, was true.

But as old age came on she rose above these handicaps, and has left, along with her biographer/autobiographer, a mass of material about New York in her time, preserved on tape for an oral history. Presumably it will not lie neglected, and Diana Trilling herself will be, imperiously and lovingly, an important part of the record.

Frank Kermode

Diana Trilling, writer, born July 21, 1905; died October 23, 1996

Birthdays

THE problem for Hillary Rodham Clinton 49 today, is not what she is, but what the voters want her to be. Her popularity rating gained eight points when she appeared on TV decking the White House with that crucial professional homemaker, Martha Stewart. An America where women have gone further and faster in public life than anywhere else still presumes that a Mrs can at best only be consort to a President.



Today's other Birthdays: Bob Hoskins, actor, 54; Andrew Motion, poet and writer, 44; Tom Sackville MP,

minister of state, Home Office, 46; Lord (Hugh) Scamlon, former trade union leader, 83; Josephina Vasconcelos, sculptor, 92.

Tomorrow's Birthdays: Lady Baden-Powell, former chief commissioner, Girl Guides Association, 60; Warren Christopher, US Secretary of State, 71; John Cleese, comic actor, 43; Glenn Hoddle, footballer/manager 38; Roy Lichtenstein, pop art painter, 73; Vanessa-Mae Nicholson, violinist, 19.

Death Notices

WOLCHOWSKI, Doris Mischonson, on 24 loved mother, grandmother, great grand-mother and friend. Funeral on Tuesday 28 October at 2.30pm. No flowers. Burial at Mount Carmel Cemetery.

Funeral Services

OWEN, Doreen Jane. There will be a Gathering to celebrate the life of the late Doreen Owen at the Methodist Association, 24 Bedford Square, WC1T on Wednesday, 23 November 1996.

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Suburbia bites into the sacred groves

Commentary

Martin Woollacott

In New Zealand

MAN is nothing unless he has a place, and singing the virtues of that place has always been part of the national celebration. Whether it is French fields or German forests, English dales or Welsh hills, landscape in some sense is nation. Yet it is in the South-west Pacific rather than Europe that a true ecological nationalism, as opposed to a romanticised love of the land, may be emerging.

In that part of the world, some are arguing that the most solid foundation for national identity is a recognition of the unique features of the regional eco-systems.

Scholars such as the Australian Tim Flannery and the New Zealander Geoff Park have opened up, in recent books, the specifically national implications of ecology. They have shown that the history of the Australasian lands before man arrived is still of central relevance to the societies now living there, and argue that it ought to be the main influence in the approach to economic, social, and cultural decisions.

For one thing, this puts the tired debate about Australia's and New Zealand's British connection — the Republican question — in a new context, as it also does recent fashions such as seeking an Asian or a multi-cultural destiny. For another, it gives Australians and New Zealanders the possibility of a kind of role, if they can pioneer a politics and economics of limits, related to the special difficulties of their environment.

Nowhere in the New World was the clash between European imperatives of expansion and growth and the realities of the land as marked as it was

in Australia and New Zealand. The aborigines in Australia had destroyed most of the larger animals in the distant past, while the Maori in New Zealand much more recently wiped out the larger flightless birds. Although both races had recovered some balance, when the Europeans came they came to already damaged countries.

Yet they saw only visions of plenty. In his book, *The Future Eaters*, Flannery argues that Australia, in particular, has been for hundreds of thousands of years an impoverished, slow and unstable environment. It is not a place for big populations of large, energy-intensive animals. On the other hand, Europe, whose plants, animals and human societies were shaped by the competitive scramble to occupy land as the ice retreated, was precisely such a place.

The European occupation of Australia brought two different ecologies into collision. One was damaged almost beyond repair and the other is steadily unsustainable unless

massively modified. Flannery's book begins with dinosaurs — those of Australia were, symptomatically, unusually small — and ends with reflections on growth and population size in modern times. His suggestion is that, coming up to 18 million, Australia has already exceeded its optimum population.

The message, in a country where, as Flannery says, "the figures still speak of a population of 100 million, could be caricatured as "Depopulate or Perish". It is a message involving a new attitude to Asia, which ecologically sits at Wallace's Line between Indonesia and New Guinea. To attempt to be Asian, then, is, for Flannery, almost as perverse as attempting to replicate Britain in the South Seas, and to encourage high immigration, whether from Asia or anywhere else, the height of foolishness.

"Any lasting notion of Australian nationhood must arise from an intrinsic understanding of an Australian ecosystem," Flannery writes. Simon Upton, a minister in New Zealand's National Party government, has similarly commended Geoff Park's book, *Nga Uroroa* (Maori words meaning forest places or sacred groves), as "an immensely important contribution to our emerging sense of nationhood". Park's argument is that without a sense of what went before and a continuing attempt to protect the damaged remnants of pre-human New Zealand's eco-systems, preserving them as cultural as well as physical places, New Zealanders will never understand their land or be at ease

in it.

He charts a progression from a stage when land description predominates — it is the new owner's inventory of values — to a second stage when some ecological understanding emerges, and on to a third, where men seek an emotional and moral connection with the land. Until recently a civil servant with the Department of Conservation, Park sees Maori knowledge and tradition as one means of making that connection.

IN BOTH Australia and New Zealand, as elsewhere, there is a facile case to ecological and land concerns. There can be a purist distinction between protected lands and unprotected ones. There could be more human activity in protected zones, Flannery and Park suggest, and more protection in those parts now open to virtually any form of exploitation.

On the other hand, the rhetoric of ecology can so easily be deployed in the service of a new kind of future eating, the relentless consumption of land for tourism and what are called "lifestyle" developments, a suburbanisation of coast and lakeside and what remains of forest that is frightening in its cheerless, heedless pace.

Flannery ends his book with a postscript on the beauty of Sydney harbour, coupled with the reflection that "Somewhere behind me — far to the West — great machines drone on, converting forest into yet more suburbs or cropland."

Australians and New Zealanders live among abundant evidence of extinction: the way Europeans and Americans do not. These places had less to lose and have lost more. There are trees in the remnant forests which were grazed by moa, the giant birds that became extinct during the Maori era. But the moa was only one among many extinctions and near extinctions. New Zealand radio used to broadcast a dawn chorus, recorded in the forests, before the nine o'clock news. It was withdrawn, people speculate, because it can now be heard only in a very few remote places.

From the beginning, Australians and New Zealanders adopted native animals and plants as badges and symbols. New Zealanders call themselves kiwis and put the silver fern leaf on the shirts of their sportsmen. Even as the settlers damaged and destroyed, they also grasped something of the value and beauty of the land and its *obdurate difference from that of the Europe from which they came.*

New Zealanders claim the law as the nation's, yet the law's custodians stand above and beyond them, and while the law is the patrimony of all US citizens, they engage with lawyers at their peril. Lawyer jokes protest this paradox.

Blair's taxing times



Martin Kettle

AS THE parties squared up to one another over income tax, we witnessed a paradigm of successful New Labour politics. The Conservatives, believing their own propaganda and ignoring their own unpopularity, thought Labour would always be vulnerable over an issue like crime. As a result, they got cocky. They thought they could juggle the legislative programme to wrong-foot Labour at will. They thought they could go on running the same scare stories as before. They thought they could get away with a half-way reform on handbags. They underestimated the public concern for action on stalking and paedophilia.

But Labour, with a post-Dunblane public wind at their backs, have reaped the benefits of the years of rethinking and repositioning. Labour was in the right place at the right time. They, rather than the Tories, spoke for the mass of voters over guns — and now over knives too. They had the right instincts about stalking and paedophilia. They were quick to exploit the Government's procedural miscalculations, appearing generous where the Conservatives appeared mean-minded. And here is the crucial bit: they have done it without having to ape the Tories over sentencing.

At the end of a fascinating few days of fluid combat over crime, Labour have therefore proved something which ought to be encouraging on other issues too. They have proved they can take the Conservatives on over a key traditional Tory strength, and win the argument without sacrificing their room for manoeuvre in order to do it.

If Labour can do this over crime, a quintessential "Tory issue", then why can they not do the same on other issues on which the Conservatives assume they have a direct line to the instincts of the nation? No inherent reason at all. So why can't Labour do it over the biggest political issue of all — taxation?

Tax is the most important argument currently taking place in the Labour Party. It does not break surface very often, though it popped up again in a couple of tabloids yesterday. But it has been rumbling powerfully away in the places that matter for months. It is a pivotal argument because the issue is important. But it is important too because it pits the leader of the Labour Party against

the person who is rightly normally thought of as his closest political ally, the Shadow Chancellor.

Put crudely, the argument is over whether Labour commits itself to continuing Tory low-tax policy or not. Blair, by and large, believes Labour has no choice because the alternative would be so unpopular, as 1992 appeared to him to prove. But some of his advisers are pressing that a policy of no increase in the top rate of tax in which those earning over £100,000 a year might pay a 50p rate. The argument between Blair and Brown flared up in the summer, when Blair wanted a "no new taxes" pledge included in the party's draft manifesto. Brown fought him to a draw then, but the issue is now down to the wire, and has to be resolved before the election and possibly by the time of the Budget.

In a logical world, last week's crime battle would strengthen Brown's case against Blair's. Its lesson would be that it is possible to have a principled argument against Tory orthodoxy about a serious policy issue and win it, without being overwhelmed by misrepresentations and the tabloid press.

Labour did that over crime because it had done the long groundwork when Blair himself was shadow home secretary, because the Conservative policies were not working, and because people will respond to a principled lead if it makes sense. The same groundwork has been done on tax, and the other preconditions exist too. Labour ought therefore to have confidence to stand its ground on tax.

A REFORMING government which denies itself all possibility of higher taxes is not denying itself all possibility of reform, but it is making its own life much harder and conceding a point which it should not concede. If Labour takes the view that no debate about tax policy is legitimate (except a bidding war to offer lower taxes), then it denies itself options, fails to recognise the mood of the times and, even more important, runs away from the possibility of change.

What is at stake here is not the future of Labour in government. The amount of money that can be raised by increasing the top rate in the way proposed is not massive and Labour is not planning vast redistributions of wealth anyway. But it is planning some changes, and the amount of income that can be raised by increasing the top rate is not insignificant.

What is also at stake is even more important. It is the right to have an honest debate about the role of the redistribution of wealth in the creation of the more cohesive society which Blair wants to create. If Blair's advisers win the argument, it seems to me that that possibility is lost. For that reason, Brown is right to stand firm and Blair ought to back him.

Loathe them or hate them, we can't do without them. So why are lawyers such a laughing stock? Anthony Julius examines the long-running joke about the most pilloried of professions



The butt stops here

WHY are laboratory rats being replaced by lawyers? For two reasons: the scientists get attached to the rats, and there are some things a rat just won't do. Why does New Jersey have the most toxic-waste dumps, and California the most lawyers? Because New Jersey got first choice. And what is the difference between a catfish and a lawyer? One is a scum-sucker bottom dweller, and the other is a fish.

From the first joke we may infer that lawyers don't have the rights (other) human beings enjoy, that they are less sympathetic even than rats, and are utterly immoral. One lives at the furthest extremities of pain, they defeat pity.

This joke supplies a double reversal of fortune. Lawyers attack violations of their clients' rights, quick to protest trespasses, breaches, infringements. And, but for the reserves of indignation give these protests a blinkered vigour. Lawyers are rights-mongers, rights vigilantes. Aggressive champions of their clients, they earn their living, it has been said, by "the sweat of their browbeating".

Over-representing their clients, they also, however, exploit them. All lawyers are supposed to do this, the best of them regarding the client's trouble as an "interesting case", the worst of them, as a means of making money. The joke's reversal is to conceive of lawyers as helpless, deprived of any remedy, the exploiters exploited.

From the second joke we may infer that lawyers are the least attractive neighbours one would wish to have. Like the first joke, it gives choices to non-lawyers withheld in real life: rats over lawyers, toxic dumps over lawyers. Hence the humour's utopianism, which conceives of a society that permits such elections, against a reality in which lawyers and dumps are both inflicted on us.

The jokes have this daydream quality that momentarily liberates us from daily oppressions. They are miniature comedies of the "what if?". But there is also a con-

verse realism in the second joke. Lawyers, like toxic dumps, are necessary. We don't like them, but we can't do without them. We just look forward to the day when substitutes are found.

And in the third joke, where the comedy is in the surprise, there is an implication that the lawyer is a kind of aggravated toxic dump, not just the repository of rejected matter, but actively seeking out what the rest of us refuse. Squalor is their element.

"Lawyers as animals" jokes are perhaps the commonest sub-genre of the lawyer joke. We may distinguish between abusive jokes and absurdist jokes. The abusive relate lawyers to the most predatory and/or the most scorned forms of animal life. Thus: why don't sharks bite lawyers? Professional courtesy. What's the difference between a dead skunk and a dead lawyer?

The catfish joke also hints at another, broader disdain — one directed also at lawyers' clients (the "scum"). Lawyers are bottom dwellers because they live among criminals; they are scum-suckers because they feed on dirty money from their delinquent clients. And this in turn opens out to a familiar complaint: lawyers act for the guilty, they seek to secure unjust acquittals. (Judge: "Have you a lawyer?" Defendant: "I don't need one. I'm going to tell the truth.")

What may we infer from the three jokes, taken together? Principally, I think, that the lawyer is to be regarded as a lawyer to the core: law is a profession in the spiritual, as well as the vocational, sense. He thus describes himself as a lawyer just as another person might describe himself as a Christian. This self-definition carries a heavy price. The profession becomes constitutive of his person. It penetrates to his very soul, and he thereby loses his soul. We make ourselves ridiculous when we become what we do.

But it's worse for lawyers: they also make themselves ridiculous when they claim to be more than a suit with a timesheet, as in the New Yorker cartoon (one lawyer to another): "I consider myself a passionate man, but, of course, a lawyer first." Only a lawyer would think a passionate man could be anything other than passionate first, second and last.

A second inference can also be drawn. Lawyers are meant to help others, not themselves. Yet they prosper through our calamities; our clouds' silver lining lines their pockets. And we don't like it. Lawyers thus pretend that they don't, concealing their cupidity and indifference beneath layers of jargon and professional self-esteem.

With the lawyer joke we get

to fight back. The jokes are tiny revenge comedies. They punch line a knock-out. They dispense summary justice, exposing lawyers for what they truly are. And so, the miracle: in the lawyer joke, lawyers suddenly speak the truth: "You have a pretty good case, Mr Smith. How much justice can you afford?" These jokes betray guilty secrets.

Lawyers overcharge, sometimes even making us pay for the privilege of being injured by them. And so the joke: "What are your fees?" "\$100 to answer three questions. That's rather steep, isn't it?" "The lawyer, for instance, is indifferent to their clients' interests, betraying their trust by their preoccupation with reputation, status and money. They never get it right. They betray the client and justice itself."

In his great essay *Laughter*, the French philosopher Henri Bergson identified the chief characteristics of the "comic professional" thus: "In the forefront we find professional vanity... The lawyer, for example, cannot imagine how anyone could want to be anything other than a lawyer. And then, there is solemnity. "Vanity... tends to merge into solemnity. In proportion to the degree of quackery there is in the profession... There is professional callousness — for example, a lawyer to his newly-judged client: "I wish I had walls as thick as this in my apartment." And then there is jargon. A lawyer will teach his son the alleged facts of life. Or, handing an orange to a friend, he insists on giving, granting, bequeathing and conveying all interest, right, title and claim of and in it, together with all rind, skin, juice, pulp...

For Bergson, we laugh at the professional because he lives by formulae, and by this automation "gives us the impression of being a thing". He is predictable, when human beings should not be; his actions are mere repetitions, when they should be creative; he has taken refuge in stereotype, and so earns our scorn. You might protest that too much being read into these jokes? Let me respond with two arguments. First, the drive to understand, to *fathom, cannot be refused. It is irrefragable and necessary.* Second, analyse jokes and we analyse our social selves; this leads to greater self-understanding. Laughter is a moment of self-revelation. We make tacit admissions when we laugh; analysis of the jokes that make us laugh uncovers these admissions. It makes the implicit express. When we examine a joke, we

trivial, are also best resolved by litigation. It is this sense that everything is justiciable that fuels much American lawyer humour. (A concert-hall announcement: "Would you please welcome Edwin Nells, accompanied, as always, by his attorney." Or the lover: "I love you, Sharon, and these documents will advise you of certain rights you have under federal and state law...")

Americans claim the law as the nation's, yet the law's custodians stand above and beyond them, and while the law is the patrimony of all US citizens, they engage with lawyers at their peril. Lawyer jokes protest this paradox.

THERE are notable differences between the English and American legal systems. While the US has a constitution, England has unwritten conventions; while courts can strike down legislation, in England they cannot. Unlike England, the US has a constitutively legal culture, finding liberty through law, rather than setting liberty against the law, as we tend to do here. Therefore a crisis in its legal system is a crisis in the nation itself. By contrast, on the English side, there are specialist books about our civil and criminal courts, and then, quite separately, there are "condition of England" books which omit all, or practically all, reference to the legal system. I am thinking for example of, say, Joshua Rosenberg's *The Search For Justice*, or David Rose's *In The Name Of The Law*, and Will Hutton's *The State We're In*.

A similar distinction may be drawn between the two countries' literature. The distinction helps explain why we have so few lawyer novels while the US is awash with them. At Tarow, Orlinham, Higgins, Patterson, Hillstrom, Coughlin, Dershowitz, who may we place? John Mortimer? Caro Fraser? Dexter Diaz? *I think not. The divided profession alone probably makes it difficult, if not impossible — which is perhaps one argument in favour of the status quo undiscovered by the literary scholars of the Bar Council.*

The distinction also explains the two major works of satire in the last decade, in England, Jonathan Coe's *What A Carve Up!*, and in America, William Gaddis's *A Profile Of His Own*. Gaddis has such contempt for the legal systems of their respective countries. The English legal profession of our time still awaits its satirist.

Though I have mixed feelings about lawyer jokes — how could I not, as a lawyer myself? — they are a welcome distraction from much of what passes for humour in this country. And to add a defence of political correctness. Why not laugh at the powerful, for once? We can, after all, look after ourselves. By putting the easy targets beyond reach, political correctness creates a space for satire, mocking the over-privileged, leaving the underprivileged — for once — in peace. There is always pleasure to be had in witnessing the grand (as distinct from the great) diminished, the pompous pricked. While lawyer jokes, when they migrate to England, lose much of their sting, they remain correctives to self-importance, and are thus to be welcomed.

One last joke. Imagine an Alcoholics Anonymous therapy circle, as one recovering drinker gives witness, to instant understanding: "Then it struck me, I'd reached that stage of my life where most of my friends were lawyers."

The jokes have this daydream quality that momentarily liberates us from daily oppressions. They are miniature comedies of the "what if?". But there is also a con-

verse realism in the second joke. Lawyers, like toxic dumps, are necessary. We don't like them, but we can't do without them. We just look forward to the day when substitutes are found.

The catfish joke also hints at another, broader disdain — one directed also at lawyers' clients (the "scum"). Lawyers are bottom dwellers because they live among criminals; they are scum-suckers because they feed on dirty money from their delinquent clients. And this in turn opens out to a familiar complaint: lawyers act for the guilty, they seek to secure unjust acquittals. (Judge: "Have you a lawyer?" Defendant: "I don't need one. I'm going to tell the truth.")

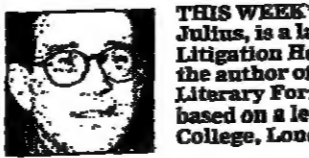
For Bergson, we laugh at the professional because he lives by formulae, and by this automation "gives us the impression of being a thing". He is predictable, when human beings should not be; his actions are mere repetitions, when they should be creative; he has taken refuge in stereotype, and so earns our scorn. You might protest that too much being read into these jokes? Let me respond with two arguments. First, the drive to understand, to *fathom, cannot be refused. It is irrefragable and necessary.* Second, analyse jokes and we analyse our social selves; this leads to greater self-understanding. Laughter is a moment of self-revelation. We make tacit admissions when we laugh; analysis of the jokes that make us laugh uncovers these admissions. It makes the implicit express. When we examine a joke, we

'Vanity tends to merge into solemnity, in proportion to the degree of quackery'

examine ourselves. And just as the unexamined life is not worth living, so the unexamined joke is not worth telling. We may find the key to the lawyer joke in Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*. Tocqueville remarks of American judges that, unlike all other judges, they are "invested with immense political power". This is so because they "found their decisions on the Constitution rather than on laws".

Most political questions that arise are thus, Tocqueville observes, "resolved, sooner or later, into a judicial question". Politicians give way to lawyers, voters to jurors, Congress to courtroom, "primary politics" to the "best case". This deference of the Legislature to the Judiciary now approaches simple surrender.

Americans now seem to believe that all issues, however



THIS WEEK'S ESSAYIST, Anthony Julius, is a lawyer and a critic. He is the *Litigation* Head of Maastricht de Reya, and the author of *T S Eliot, Anti-Semitism and Literary Form* (CUP, £13.95). This essay is based on a lecture given at University College, London, last Tuesday

Himachal Land of the snows

From December to February each year, a deep covering of snow turns Himachal Pradesh into a winter playground: Shimla has its own natural ice-rink; not far away are the ski slopes of Kufri; and for the truly adventurous there is the thrill of heli-skiing on untrammelled powder snow.

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Decision to block SWW takeovers fuels speculation in water-electricity mergers

Utilities in bid frenzy

Nicholas Barnister and Geoffrey Gibbs

BID fever returned to the utilities sector yesterday despite the decision by the Trade and Industry Secretary, Ian Lang, to block competing takeovers for South West Water.

City punters were speculating that water groups, blocked from bidding for their peers, would turn to bids for the remaining independent regional electricity companies.

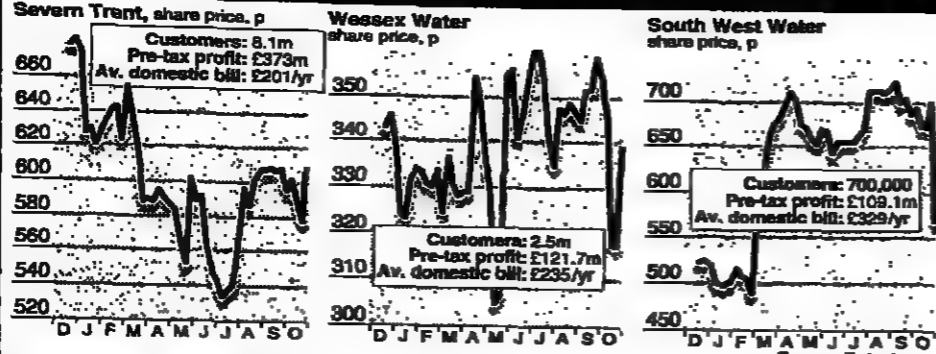
American utility groups Houston Industries and Duke Power were again reported to be considering multi-billion bids for UK power companies.

Mr Lang, who has waded through mergers between local water and electricity groups, yesterday blocked proposed takeover bids for South West Water by fellow water groups Severn Trent and Wessex Water.

East Midlands Electricity, whose shares rose 46p to 562p, emerged as the prime takeover target among the utilities — on the grounds that effective regulation of the industry depended upon Ian Ewart, the director general of Ofwat, being able to make sufficient comparisons between separate water companies.

SWW shares plunged 138 1/2p

Water sale



said the group would consider its options. But he played down the likelihood of any immediate bid for the electricity company. "Our directors are still too busy grinding their teeth in fury," he said.

Mr Lang accepted the Monopolies Commission argument that a takeover of SWW by another water company would be "against the public interest".

The MMC said that effective regulation of the industry depended upon Ian Ewart, the director general of Ofwat, being able to make sufficient comparisons between separate water companies.

SWW shares plunged 138 1/2p

to 570p as the prospect of a bid battle disappeared. Consumers in the south-west saw their hopes of big price cuts evaporate.

Both bidders had promised to reduce prices. But the MMC said the loss of SWW as an independent company would permanently damage the regulatory system and that any price cuts would be transitory.

SWW greeted Mr Lang's decision by announcing a 15p rebate to its 700,000 customers, to be paid in June next year, and a 20.4 per cent rise in interim dividends to shareholders.

But consumers were left unimpressed. The company's

small customer base, combined with the cost of a huge programme of capital spending to clean up bathing waters around Britain's most popular tourist beaches, means that SWW's charges are the highest in the country. The rebate will make only a small dent in bills averaging £239 a year.

Average bills in the neighbouring Wessex region work out at £225 a year while Severn Trent charges an average of just £201 annually.

There had been speculation that the bids would be given clearance, if the bidders reduced charges by as much as 20 per cent over a five-year period. Severn Trent chief ex-

ecutive Vic Cocker said that his company could cut household bills in the South-west by 22p.

Jessica Thomas, chairman of Ofwat's customer service committee for the South-west, said the rebate was welcome but did not go far enough. She would be pressing for more further reductions.

"The problem in this region is that bills are half as much again as elsewhere in the country. Parts of the region are among the poorest in Britain. For some people this means they pay 10 per cent of their income on water bills."

SWW, due to announce its interim figures next month, said the rebate reflected the "substantial efficiencies" made by its water services company this year.

"Despite the distraction caused by the proposed bids, we have made major strides in increasing the efficiency of our core water business and carefully growing our non-regulated businesses," SWW chairman Keith Court said.

General director Ken Hill said officials were now coming through from a restructuring programme that had reduced the utility company workforce from 2,300 to 1,900. He said there were no plans for any further major restructuring.

Grid accepts price plan

Nicholas Barnister

THE National Grid Group, which runs Britain's high-voltage power network, yesterday averted a showdown with industry regulator Stephen Littlechild over price controls designed to cut consumers' electricity bills by about £4 a year.

Its board accepted Professor Littlechild's "tough proposals" rather than have the issue referred to the Monopolies Commission. The group expects to have to reduce costs by just under £1 billion over four years, to keep within price limits which come into effect in April.

City sources expect that the group will have to cut more deeply into its 3,500 workforce, axing 800 jobs rather than the 500 already planned.

Prof Littlechild, director general of Ofwat, at first made proposals that would have forced the Grid to cut costs by about £1.35 billion. Its chief executive David Jones branded them as "ill-founded and unprecedentedly harsh". Institutional investors protested, and some wanted the group to reject Ofwat's proposals — which were then slightly modified.

The National Grid share price rose 5p to 178p.

Notebook

EMU rate road may go uphill



Mark Milner

THE assumption that a single currency will mean lower interest rates for those taking part is gathering strength. In a letter published in the Financial Times yesterday, for example, the Italian ambassador, Paolo Galli, argued: "... with monetary union, this reduction [in interest rates] is automatic."

Certainly, claims that the single currency will bring lower interest rates is a key point for those prepared to argue the case for monetary union on economic rather than political grounds. But will rates actually be lower once currencies have been irrevocably linked, be that at the beginning of 1999 or at a later date?

Those who believe rates will come down can draw comfort from what has happened to Italian bond yields since the financial markets were taken on board not just the determination of the Italian authorities to be ready for "first wave" membership but also the ability of the governing coalition to deliver the measures needed to achieve it. Net yields on Italian Treasury bonds have fallen from more than 10 per cent in March to around 8.6 per cent.

If monetary union does take place on time, it is likely that the financial markets, perhaps stunned by the achievement it would represent, would allow the new currency and its associated interest rate regime something of a honeymoon period.

But let us pause a moment. One country unlikely to enjoy lower interest rates from EMU is Germany. If anything, the risk for Germany is on the upside because the new European Central Bank is unlikely to have greater market credibility than the Bundesbank. Indeed, the hopes for lower rates for other members of the single currency union are pinned on the markets accepting the ECB as a Bundesbank clone, determined to be as fiercely anti-inflationary as the German central bank. After all, German interest rates are lower than in other European countries because the inflation risks there are perceived to be lower.

If EMU is achieved by politically motivated tinkering with the criteria — except the one on exchange rate mechanism membership — or if there are any doubts about post-EMU economic behaviour, the honeymoon will be one of the shortest on record and those who signed up will be left to repent higher, not lower, interest rates at leisure.

by South West Water are only modest compensation.

The scale of the slump in the South West Water share price, down by more than 130p, indicates the extent to which Mr Lang's decision caught the City on the hop. Although the Monopolies Commission had recommended blocking the bid, the City has become so used to Mr Lang nodding through utilities takeovers that it expected nothing else in this case.

For once, however, Mr Lang has decided against a *laissez-faire* approach. It could be argued that, given the infrastructure needed to supply them, water, gas and electricity are natural monopolies. In the cases of gas and electricity, however, that argument has been lost.

But, as far as the water industry is concerned, Mr Lang has accepted that the regulator needs a critical mass of separately quoted companies in order to be able to make effective comparisons as to efficiency and competitiveness.

The decision does not mean a ring fence around water companies. Analysts are already speculating about further link-ups between water and electricity companies. But at the least Mr Lang has signalled that the acquisition of water companies by their peers will be subject to the most rigorous scrutiny. He is surely right to have done so.

Santa Clarke

CHANCELLOR Kenneth Clarke is clearly enjoying the new "zip" he detects in the economy, and with good reason. Latest quarterly figures for gross domestic product suggest that he will meet his growth forecast, while the trade gap is narrowing.

On the economic front, his biggest worry is, probably, the Bank of England's nagging concern that interest rates should go up to head off any incipient inflationary pressures. Mr Clarke can expect a further reminder that inflation is not dead when he meets the Bank's governor, Eddie George, in the coming week.

Mr Clarke's job, especially at this time of the year and most definitely at this stage of the election cycle, is highly political. Next month he will have to unveil his last Budget before the general election, if he can produce a decisively vote-winning strategy, the Conservative Party will believe he can walk on water — even if he then sets off in the direction of Europe.

Mr Clarke is already showing signs of his political awareness. In typically robust language, the Chancellor insisted yesterday that his Budget would not be a "pre-election Christmas tree". Fiscal rigour is not to be sacrificed on the altar of political expediency.

Mr Clarke could argue that such a stance is sound economic management. It also has a political pay-off. The inevitably tricky public spending round will be completed by now so Mr Clarke is unlikely to be using his hard-line stance to lean on recalcitrant spending ministers.

But, in playing down expectations of Budget goodies in the run-up to delivery on November 26, Mr Clarke is able to foster his image as a responsible Chancellor while at the same time increasing the likely impact of any hand-outs he is able to dredge up from his brain tub.

US takeover deal leaves Pet City founders with more than chicken-feed

Sarah Whitcomb

THREE founder directors of Pet City, the 50-strong pet superstore chain, are set to share more than £20 million after selling the firm yesterday to the US group PETSMART. The £150 million offer is more than double the £78 million price Pet City floated at last November.

Giles Clarke, the British firm's chief executive and a founder of Mafeking Wine Warehouse, and Richard Northcott, the chairman and a key mover in the Dodge City DIY chain, will each scoop some £20 million once the £150 million deal goes through. Roger Pedder, the third director, is set to make nearly £10 million.

Pet City's shareholders will receive PETSMART shares in exchange for their holdings. The three directors are obliged under the terms of the deal to retain their stakes for some six months — until after the US firm publishes a set of financial results.

The new group plans a rapid European expansion. In the UK, Pet City — which already has a further 50 stores on the way — will be boosted by another 200 shops, and plans to open 1,000 branches on the Continent.

Swallowed up... a Burmese python prepares to meet its new American owners

Pet City
label
eat Quality
reat Value

PHOTOGRAPH: TOM JENKINS

Economic 'zip' delights Clarke

Sarah Hyle

CHANCELLOR Kenneth Clarke last night welcomed a new "zip" in the economy as latest figures suggested that he was on course to hit his growth target this year and provided a positive background for his November 26 budget calculations.

According to officials, GDP rose 0.8 per cent in the three months to September compared with the previous quarter and 2.3 per cent year on year. The economy has grown by 12.4 per cent since the trough of the first quarter in 1992, just before the last general election.

Much of the improvement was due to a pick-up in manufacturing output, and latest trade data, also published yesterday, indicated that demand was rising abroad as well as at home. Britain's trade gap narrowed in August to \$0.5 billion, half of the deficit recorded in July.

Although preliminary figures showed the trade gap with non-EU countries widening in September to \$0.9 billion, officials estimated that the deficit within the whole world would con-

Hollick to buy 20 per cent of HTV

Paul Murphy

AFRESH wave of bid speculation swept across the media sector yesterday after Lord Hollick's United News & Media group announced a deal to buy Scottish Television's near-50 per cent stake in the Wales and England broadcaster, HTV.

An option deal will allow United to take over the holding in a year's time at 420p a share — valuing the stake at £74 million.

United, which already owns Anglia TV and 77 per cent of Meridian as well as Express Newspapers, said it regards

the stake as an "investment" and that it has no plans to take the stake on to another HTV. Under City takeover rules, this precludes United from launching a takeover for at least 12 months, although it would be free to join the battle for control of HTV if another bidder were to show its hand.

City analysts see the deal as a defensive move by Lord Hollick, pre-empting a takeover of HTV by United's key broadcasting rival Carlton Communications, which is said to have banished at Scottish Television's asking price. It comes just a fortnight after United paid £593 million to take over the Blenheim exhibitions

group. A clause in the option deal stipulates that if United sells the stake on to another buyer, such as Reuters, to keep the group below a 20 per cent threshold.

Meridian TV is a geographical neighbour of HTV. "We think we can get the benefits without a full bid," a United spokesman said.

"There is already common ground and co-operation between us and now we have a stake we can discuss how to build on that relationship."

The initial focus is likely to be on centralising the sale of advertising airtime across Anglia, Meridian and HTV through United's TSMS sales house.

Under broadcasting rules, United has to sell a portion of this stake on to another buyer, such as Reuters, to keep the group below a 20 per cent threshold.

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Austria 1,654	Germany 2,325	Malta 0.5574	Switzerland 7.19
Belgium 2,220	Greece 372.00	Netherlands 2.6425	Spain 198.00
Canada 2.08	Hong Kong 12.00	New Zealand 2.190	Sweden 10.25
Cyprus 0.7140	India 56.55	Norway 10.02	Switzerland 1,375
Denmark 9.05	Ireland 0.8525	Portugal 238.25	Turkey 147.118
Finland 2.21	Japan 2.21	Saudi Arabia 5.84	USA 1,8250

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Five ferry firms face fares cartel fines

Punishment to be more than symbolic, reports Julie Wolf in Brussels

P&O AND Stena, which this month unveiled plans to merge their cross-Channel operations, are among a group of five ferry operators expected to be fined by the European Commission this week for allegedly operating a price cartel in 1992.

The commission is due to impose the penalties, based on findings by its competition department, at its weekly meeting on Wednesday.

In addition to P&O and Stena-SeaLink, the case involves Brittany Ferries, Sea France and North Sea Ferries. P&O has rejected the allegations.

According to commission sources, the five companies agreed in 1992 to impose a surcharge on cross-channel freight shipments to compensate for the effects of sterling's devaluation. The surcharge was to cover the higher costs faced by the companies after the pound's exit from the exchange rate mechanism in September 1992 and its decline in value against other European currencies.

However, according to commission sources, after about two months the com-

panies began offering rebates to offset the surcharge. The commission launched its lengthy investigation after a complaint from the Freight Transport Association. The association later said that full competition had been restored to the routes.

Although the size of the fines will not be decided until just before the commission meets, the sources said they would be "more than symbolic". Nevertheless, given that it is alleged the cartel lasted only a short time, the penalties are unlikely to be in the same league as the hefty fines imposed in recent high-profile cartel cases.

Competition Commis-

soner Karel Van Miert last year imposed fines totaling nearly £400 million. In an attempt to encourage companies to co-operate with EU investigations, he has offered to reduce penalties for whistle-blowers.

The commission's decision to pursue the ferry case, even though the alleged cartel lasted just a short time, is another sign of this crackdown. However, critics argue that EU investigators should be concentrating on bigger anti-trust cases.

The commission has the power to fine companies up to 10 per cent of their turnover for breaking EU rules outlawing agreements that restrict competition.

Stemming the flow

TRADER and Industry Secretary Ian Lang's decision to block the rival bids for South West Water has, no doubt, disappointed both the company's shareholders and its customers.

Shareholders saw the share price plunge by almost a fifth after Mr Lang's decision; customers will have to forgo the lower costs offered by rival bidders Wessex and Severn Trent. The disgruntled dividends and rebates promised

Minerva plans to go public

MINERVA, a commercial property group with assets worth more than £400 million, is to seek a listing on the London Stock Exchange, probably through an institutional placing.

The company, founded in 1988 by developers David Garrard and Andrew Rosenfield, will use the proceeds to strengthen its customer base and to buy a property in London's Wigmore Street from Leadbroke for £37 million.

Some 45 per cent of its property portfolio is in the West End of London and a further 35 per cent in Greater London.

News in brief

day after USAir announced it would end its code-sharing and frequent-flyer programmes with BA from the end of March.

Brussels basement Richard Branson's low-cost airline, Virgin Express, said it would offer a standard single fare of £32 excluding taxes on its London-Brussels service which starts tomorrow. Virgin Express is taking over Belgian carrier Sabena's nine daily services between Heathrow and Brussels.

Lacing up Lenci Peter Black Holdings, the health-care, beauty and fashion products manufacturer, is to buy 75 per cent of Italian footwear designer Lenci for up to £11 million. The initial consideration is £7.4 million, with a further £3.6 million dependent on future profits.

Littlewoods recruits James Ross, the new chairman of Littlewoods, the privately owned high street retailer, has drafted in two high-profile non-executive directors to bolster the board. They are David Simons, chief executive of recently floated Somerfield, and Dalrymple finance director John Martyn.

Gehe delay its return

S

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Voice of God in Mammon

Corporate charismatics are on the rise. Their rewards? Cadillacs and converts. Some say the company can replace the Church as a moral arbiter.
RICHARD THOMAS and, below, MARK TRAN in New York report

PETER Mitchell, an accountant, opens his palm to the sky and focuses on the middle distance. "Shala malak, Shala malak," he says. Or at least it sounds like that — he is speaking in tongues, lending the Holy Spirit his vocal cords for a few moments.

Mr Mitchell is one of a growing group of businessmen in Britain who bring their faith to work. Admittedly, speaking in tongues has not yet helped with any auditors, but for those who might scoff at his charismatic brand of Christianity, Mr Mitchell has concrete examples of how God has helped his accountancy practices.

"Once, someone rang me for insolvency work and in the other ear God was saying: 'He won't pay you.' So I insisted on a written guarantee of payment." But the man did not pay anyway. "I should have listened to God," Mr Mitchell says, rather wistfully.

On another occasion the Lord, in His role as unpaid consultant to Mr Mitchell's practice, surpassed Himself. A client with £1 million in company pensions had a problem. He wanted to retire, but would do so reluctantly because annuities are a bit stingy now.

The solution was simple —

Christian businessmen are quietly injecting God into the corporate plan.

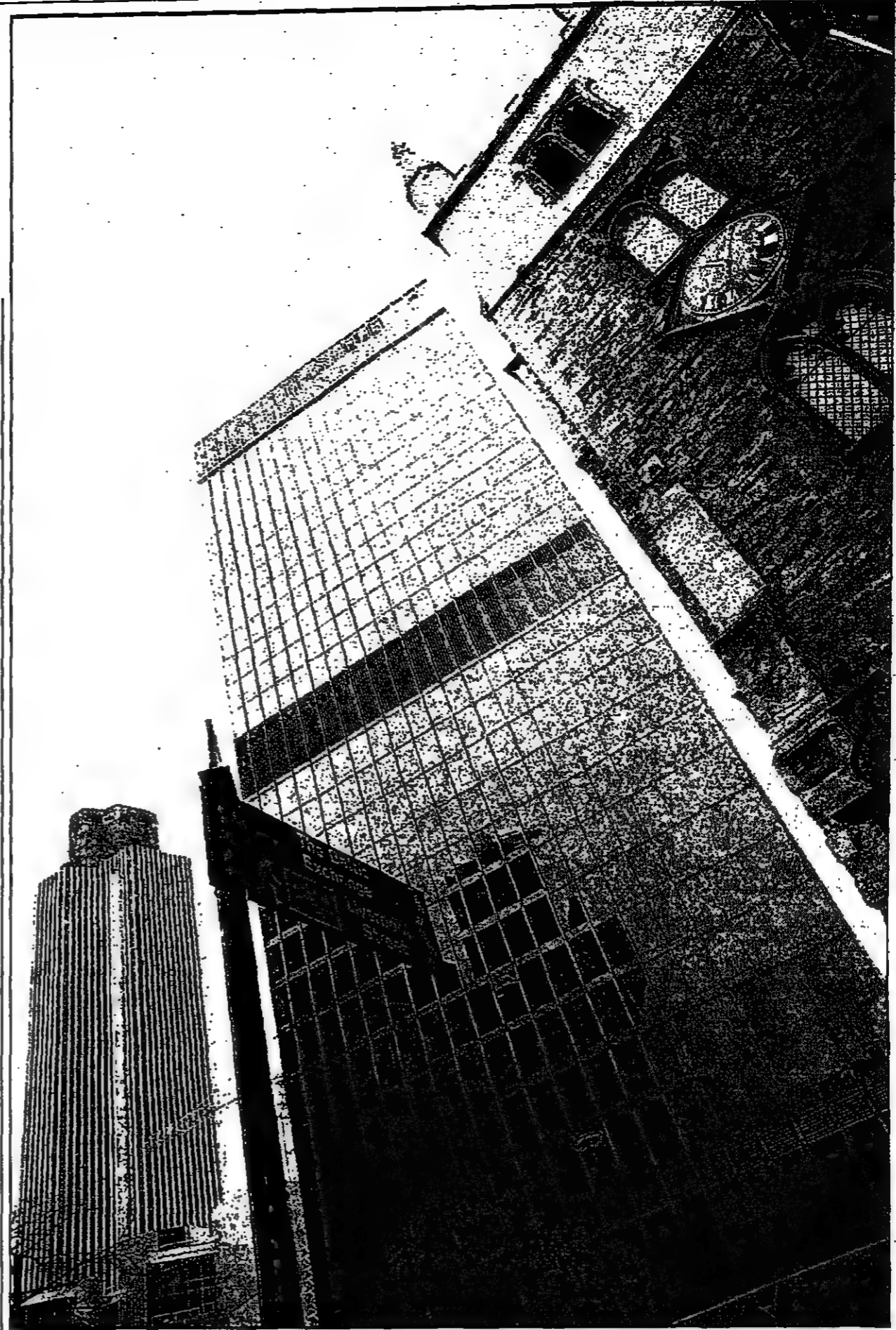
Lord Griffiths — who was economic adviser to Mrs Thatcher from 1985 until her downfall in 1990 and is now an adviser on international issues at Goldman Sachs and a director of a clutch of transatlantic companies — offers a sophisticated business school-friendly version of the way God can help Goldmans and other companies.

He believes that religious faith underpins certain values — trust, human dignity, empowerment — which happily coincide with best management practice. "Values aren't just about doing your bit for the local community or fretting about the environment. They are absolutely central to the bottom line."

Lord Griffiths reckons this is especially true of labour-intensive service sector firms, where commitment to a common corporate goal is essential. "Cleaning floors isn't rocket science. So how do you get people to do it more productively? By offering them dignity and hope."

SERVICEMASTER, a US firm, has taken people from cleaning the floor and put them through an MBA course, he says. Treating people well is not only good for profits, it is also biblically required. "We have to give people dignity because we are created, not random occurrences." Such values, he says, have driven the success of ABB, Canon, 3M and Andersen Consulting.

Of course, companies built on such Christian values are not new. Lord Griffiths points to Cadburys, Rowntree and

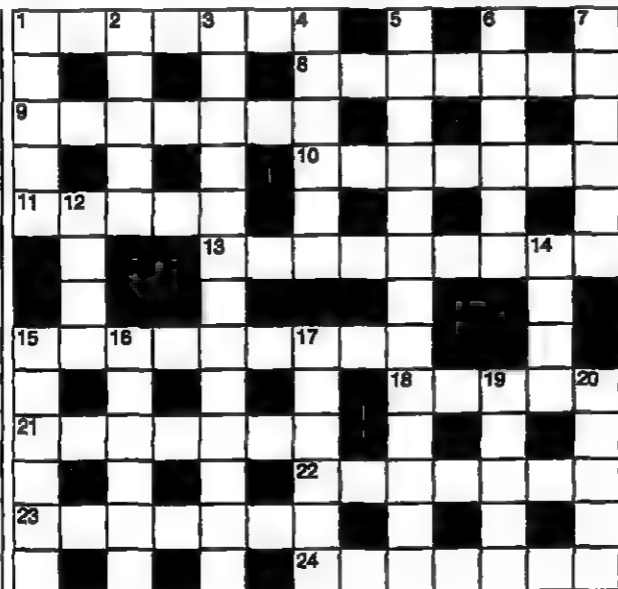


Taking Babylon's scions is the new evangelicals' aim; Quaker traditions have been left behind PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID HANSELL

Quick Crossword No. 8267

ENTERTAIN S C
U V A R D T Y E
I M M E D I A C Y R L
B R L H S A F E
E I T O K E N M B
A N G L E R D A N G E R
R R E V L A
B R E A T H T A L E N T
A O N O V E L D E
R A I L A T T E S
I N G A R C H I T E C T U R E
A C Q U E S C E U A
N S D E C R A D I N G

Solution No. 8266



Across

- 1 Aroused (7)
- 8 Building (7)
- 9 Permitted (7)
- 10 Vaguely, very many (7)
- 11 Cosmetic preparation — used in photocopies (5)
- 13 Defeated in a game (9)
- 15 Calm (3)
- 18 Thin candle (5)
- 21 Heighten, improve (7)
- 22 Swerving (7)

Down

- 1 Precise (5)
- 2 Punctuation mark (5)
- 3 Tourist attraction — for one old town (anag) (5,2,6)
- 4 Subtract (6)
- 5 Home of the Barretts (7,5)
- 6 Animated (6)
- 7 Wrote — shut up (6)
- 12 Exclude (4)
- 14 Advantage (4)
- 15 Address (6)
- 16 Under control (2,4)
- 17 Team (6)
- 19 Previous — head of abbey (5)
- 20 Kingly (5)

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Indeed, in a society with falling church rolls, some Christians see companies as a replacement for traditional places of worship. Lord Griffiths certainly recognises this: "At a time when the traditional institutions which were the sources of values in our society the corporation, by default, has become an important source and communitator of values."

Mr Mitchell sees business as fertile ground for conversion. "If I have a client who is a non-Christian, I am on the look-out for chances to bring Jesus in. Many of them are in trouble." He reckons to have saved as many as 60 souls simply by trawling his local business community. Along the way, he has also healed a case of incurable deafness.

He has little time for liberal notions of equality among faiths. "Once I asked God if I

should lead a Jewish client to Christ — and he said yes." Two weeks later, the Jewish client was a Christian client.

Mr Britton is wary of this approach. "It is our responsibility to share our faith — but it shouldn't be a marketing exercise. You can't force it on people. It would be a bit like sexual harassment, except religious harassment."

Lord Griffiths, too, says

that business leaders have a responsibility to refrain from using their position of economic power to evangelise: "Jews, Muslims, even humanists could happily sign up to the values which I believe make companies successful." He also warns against politicians using laws to try to enforce these values through minimum wages, employment protection or works

councils: "The market itself, it turns out, supports good values. If you want to produce good service, you have to adopt good values."

This is why economists who urge the adoption of a stakeholder society are getting it wrong, according to Lord Griffiths. "This is a quasi-legal approach, and I think you have to see it in a morally driven way. Passing

a new Companies Act isn't the answer."

And so long as the market is driving up executive salaries, wealth poses him no problems either — notwithstanding biblical teachings about rich men, camels and eyes of needles. "It is perfectly possible to be well-off and to live non-ostentatiously," he says. "It is not the money as such, it is how you use it."

Jesus wants me for a capitalist

THE annual awards at Mary Kay, the cosmetics company based in Dallas, Texas, is a carefully choreographed spectacle celebrating femininity and faith.

At Mary Kay, founded in 1963 by Mary Kay Ash, money and Christian ethics go together. The core philosophy has always been "God first, family second, career third". The mix of faith and faceials brought in more than \$950 million (£597.4 million) last year. Mary Kay sells its cosme-

tics and skin care products to 475,000 salespeople, or "independent beauty consultants", who sell directly to consumers in their homes.

Ms Ash attributes the cosmetics firm's success to its initial decision to "take God as our partner", and says that the company continues to attract "spiritually strong people".

But officials play down the influence of religion and emphasise the broad range of their employees, who include Jews, Bud-

dhists, Muslims and atheists as well as Christians. But they are encouraged to follow Mary Kay Ash's golden rule: treat others as you would want them to treat you.

Ms Ash continually reminds her consultants that it is better to give than to receive and she does put her money where her mouth is. This year consultants gave \$516,575 to cancer research.

Among Ms Ash's favourite Mary Kay pins is a gold-plated brooch depicting two

shovels. "The shovels symbolise that all you send into the lives of others comes back into your own," she writes in her new book, *Mary Kay: You Can Have It All*. "God gives back to you with his big shovel."

Rewards such as diamond jewellery, pink Cadillacs and fur coats are lavished on top salespeople, but that will change at this year's awards. The company, which does not test its products on animals, will no longer give away fur coats.

Mr Challen disagrees. "The gap between the rich and the poor is absolutely appalling, and a structural tear in our society," he says. "Western, elitist, market-takes-all approaches amount to a desecration of the vulnerable. You can't think about these issues without getting into political action."

All of which leaves Mr Mitchell cold. He simply does not think about which, if any, reforms need to be made to management style, political ideals or economic structures.

"I don't equate an ethical code or legal position with my faith," he says. "At the end of the day, there is no real alternative to a living relationship with Jesus."

A ROCKERY

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Saturday October 26 1996

The Guardian

the week



America goes to the polls in 10 days. But this year no one seems to care. **Jonathan Freedland** says it's because the Big Idea is dead

Politics for sceptics

AND the face of the 1996 presidential campaign is Brooks Shields. At least that is who is on the cover of this week's magazine — just 10 days before the nation fills the world's most powerful office. The Washington edition of TV Guide made cover stars out of Bill Clinton and Bob Dole, but outside that political hothouse it was the lovely Brooks. The magazine reckoned a picture of the candidates simply wouldn't sell. Smart move. These may be the final days of the election of 1996, but America has tuned out. In Los Angeles, they're watching *OJ Simpson 2*, the civil trial sequel. In New York and Atlanta, they're following not Clinton v Dole but Yankees v Braves in the baseball World Series. In Florida, they're worried about a mini-race riot that erupted on Thursday night. News bulletins which begin at 6.30pm don't get to the election

until 6.50pm. Follsters report only 24 per cent of Americans are following the election very closely, compared with 42 per cent in 1992. Bob Dole is reduced to crying out in frustration. "Wake up, America!" he implored on Thursday, furious that the country is snoozing through this election. "I wonder sometimes what people are thinking about — if people are thinking at all," he said. You can hardly blame him. The ignorance is terrifying: one in 10 US adults does not know that Bill Clinton is the Democratic nominee, one in four cannot name his running mate. "When it comes on TV, I flip the channel," says Phyllis Green, 38, of suburban Washington, speaking for the millions who switched off this year giving the three TV debates half their 1992 audience. The Village Voice puts it with typical New York directness: "Not even politics junkies can get it up for this one." The battle of 1996 is fast becoming

ing the campaign that never was. In a normal year, late October is the season of front-lawn signs, bumper stickers and heated rows in the office. The airwaves are clogged and the nation heaves with argument. Even the usually disengaged inch toward the edge of their seats, just to see who wins the horseshoe. But this year's race has been a gentle canter for a president who's been in front since Christmas and a painful plod for a challenger who's never once cleared the 40 per cent fence in the polls. Even the usual dramatic high-points have been flatter than a prairie. There were no internecine floor-fights at the conventions, and not a single memorable line in the face-to-face debates. In 1960 Ronald Reagan skewered Jimmy Carter just by shaking his head and scolding "There you go again". In 1968, Lloyd Benisen humbled Dan Quayle by reminding him that he was "no Jack

The campaign that wasn't... one of few Americans to enthuse about it. PHOTOGRAPH: PHILIP JONES GRIFFITHS/WAGRAM. Kennedy". In 1996, the closest thing to a zinger came when Bill Clinton said "no comment". The pundits are circling the walls, and according to a survey this week, 98 per cent are concluding that Bob Dole is toast. "Can we get this election over with already," begged the conservative Weekly Standard. Turnout, always pitifully low in US elections, is set to plunge lower — perhaps dipping below the 50 per cent mark for the first time since 1924. How has this happened in a country which regards itself as the world's greatest democracy? How can this, the Olympics of international elections — held every four years, and always a spectacular — have so evaporated? There are good, political answers to those questions. But there is also a deeper page 14

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the week that was

Them on them

The global view

The appointment of Judge Ismail Mahomed as chief justice is an example of affirmative action with which one could not reasonably quarrel.

The Right Honorable Baroness Thatcher, as her proper title goes, appeared at Baker to speak in the Loreine C Dietrich distinguished lectureship series.

was a most gracious speaker, at times humorous, but always refined. Baldwin City Ledger, Kansas, on Lady Thatcher's visit to rededicate a chapel in which her father once preached...

You would be surprised, Yitzhak, but Netanyahu is now Arafat's friend. Tomorrow or the day afterward, we will redeploy from Hebron. We murdered you, Yitzhak Rabin. You won. Yitzhak Rabin. Israeli daily, Yediot Ahronoth, on the anniversary of the assassination of Yitzhak Rabin

Us on us

The British view

The crisis at The Ridings School has been dragged into the glare of a national spotlight. The school has become the focus for a national debate over issues of school discipline, standards of parenting and basic morality.

Teenagers in the region are taking muscle-enhancing steroids on to the dancefloors. That's the claim of drugs worker John Baines. "You had a certain group of users such as body-builders, but more recently, younger people are turning to them. People going to raves are taking drugs to

dance and also taking steroids to look good while they are dancing." Sunderland Echo

The prospect of the gun lobby fielding candidates in Wales at the general election is continuing the long trend of single issue politicians. But just how effective are they? It is one thing to campaign for what you believe in, but another to do so in the face of deep grief. Now in Wales we face the possibility of gun lobby candidates in marginal seats. Just because the tragedy happened hundreds of miles away, is the sensibility of the Welsh any weaker than the Scots? The Western Mail



THEME OF THE WEEK THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Central to last week's story to be forgotten moral debate in Westminster, and the media's assumption that the Conservative Party is a party of the past, is the fact that the party's history is not as simple as it seems.

The Conservative Party's history is not as simple as it seems. The party's history is not as simple as it seems. The party's history is not as simple as it seems.

There is little doubt that things were better then. But when commentators tried to place hard evidence, the Golden Age gains lost its appeal. The arguments were so contradictory that they seemed spurious.

HELLO, HELLO, HELLO... WERE PC DIXON'S 1950s GOLDEN?

question of Victorian crime, far worse than today's. Proof that when assessing precisely how historical and are now it, or, depends, really, and there was agreement on whether something was in the 1950s.

It is not just the fact that PC Dixon's 1950s were golden, but the fact that the crime figures, when examined, were clear. Reduced crime was low in the 1950s, and rose steeply from the start of the 1960s until 1980. But problems of interpretation soon fogged the argument.

As the American crime novelist Truman Capote said in his 1958 book, "The Executioner's Song": "The crime figures, when examined, were clear. Reduced crime was low in the 1950s, and rose steeply from the start of the 1960s until 1980. But problems of interpretation soon fogged the argument."

HAVE YOU BEEN PAYING ATTENTION?

1. "No government has dared to tell us the truth." Whose assertion? (a) Napoleon (b) Gandhi

2. "Can we ever be free of the tent of power politics or the bid for power that afflicts the political world." Whose question? (a) Sir James Goldsmith (b) Napoleon (c) Gandhi

3. "A government that does not know how to admit guilt is a government that cannot command." Whose aphorism? (a) Sir James Goldsmith (b) Napoleon (c) Gandhi

4. "Forget Williamson, crime, mistresses and medical records. President Clinton was accused of a really big lie. What was it?"

5. Next year's fashion, for whom?

6. Which Oscar winners went AWOL in New York?

7. Hollywood sucks, according to which famous couple?

8. Doctors began prescribing a unique treatment for kicking stress. What?

9. Wednesday night lost one show with balls but gained another. Which were they?

10. Tory MP, SDP MP, Liberal candidate, New Labour convert who is the party leaver?

11. "They were dressed in leathery clothes and had shaven heads. Some were screaming horns." Which opera production? (a) Götterdämmerung (b) Aida (c) Peter Grimes

12. Who did Parliament drop from its daily prayer? (a) Princess Diana (b) The Duchess of York (c) God (a cross-bencher)

13. "I'd like to come back on an eagle... I love the way eagles soar." Whose musings on the afterlife? (a) Gandhi (b) Napoleon (c) Eric Cantona

14. Damon Albarn, Noel Gallagher, Mick Hucknall, God. The odd one out?

15. "I don't pretend to understand all the complex parts of Christian theology, but I simply accept it." Whose? (a) George Carey (b) Tony Blair (c) John Major

Answers, bottom left of this page

A bitter pill not to swallow

This week last year October 20, 1995

A YEAR ago, the contraceptive pill I was taking, Marvelon, was one of seven brands cited by the Committee on the Safety of Medicines as carrying a higher risk of causing blood clots than was thought. I was one of 1.6 million women advised to see their GPs to discuss changing to an older, perhaps safer, and certainly cheaper brand. It was unexpected and confusing news: the brands accused were the third generation pills, previously offered by GPs as the safest available.

It was a slow news week; the scare and controversy filled pages for days and alarmed women all over the country. Many GPs were furious that, although they should have been alerted by the Cascade system of mass faxing, many heard the news from the media or from patients. Manufacturers of the "dangerous" brands were angry, and some threatened the CSM with legal action as sales fell. Professor Gerald Spitzer, author of one of the reports on which the warn-

ing was based, professed horror at the way it was handled. "I have never been as outraged as I am now about the misuse of five years of my life's work," he said. The Department of Health's hotline received 2,000 calls in 24 hours; surgeries were chaotic; journalists interviewed all the women they could find who had survived pill-related blood clots.

Then it was forgotten. I forgot about it, after changing brands. But, for many of the women who panicked and stopped taking the pill altogether, consequences were far-reaching.

The British Pregnancy Advisory Service carried out 823 more abortions between December 1995 and February 1996 than in the same period last year, even though abortion figures overall are declining. It estimates that

around 4,000 abortions have been carried out as a direct result of the pill scare. And there were the babies. Last summer saw a significant boom: hospitals around the UK reported increases of up to 25 per cent on the usual birth-rate. The London Hospital had 324 deliveries booked for August, this

year compared with 260 the year before, and many women were discharged earlier than usual, because of the pressure on beds.

Dr Kamriz Boomla, Chairman of the East London and the City Medical Council, says this brought other problems. "It's not too fanciful to say we could see more post-natal depression from women being sent home to their busy family environment too soon." Organon Laboratories, manufacturer of Marvelon

and Mervin, has not carried out its threat to sue the Government. "But we have made an appeal to the CSM, which is being heard in November," says the company's medical director Dr Tim Garnett. He says the warning was "unjustified and out of all proportion to the risk involved, and it didn't take into account doctors' thought the third generation pills were safer, so they prescribed them for older and overweight patients.

Then, of course, you get these results." Subsequent research has suggested that there is indeed a slightly higher risk of blood clots for women using certain types of pills. However, Ruth Grigg, of the Family Planning Association, says that the additional risk is "minute. Much, much smaller than the risk involved with pregnancy."

The risk was also small in comparison with the physical and emotional problems of abortion. In fact there might not have been much of a pill risk at all — but it made a great story. Emily Barr

THE VERDICT SCHOOLS OUT

Should teachers strike because of unruly pupils?

NO "Teachers should not have to tolerate threats of physical violence, but the teaching profession must get its act together over discipline, rather than threatening to walk out every time there is a problem. Teachers are trying to push the responsibility on to other people, when they should be looking at their own methods. If children learned the boundaries of good and bad behaviour from an early age, there would be fewer problems." Nick Seaton, Campaign for Real Education.

YES "At Ridings School, the threat of a strike has galvanised the Secretary of State into a vivid fashion that the threat of action has an immediate effect. Teachers have reached the end of the line. If teachers find themselves in the position where, in their judgment, a younger teacher should have been excluded from a school and is then returned by an appeals panel, what other choice of action do they have?" Eamonn O'Kane, of the NASUWT

NO "The strike issue is a red herring. The real issue is how to make schools responsible for discipline. Responsibility and the mechanism for enforcing discipline have not succeeded. The LEA system has undermined the accountability of schools. Schools should be accountable to parents and parents should be accountable to the school." Sheila Lawlor, Politics forum for social and economic thinking

YES "In the present situation, given current exclusion procedures and scarce resources, professional staff may find themselves with no alternatives but industrial action. Bear in mind that members will be doing this in the interests of the school, the vast majority of well-behaved pupils and their teachers." John Beattie, of the Association of Teachers and Lecturers

Interviews by Hannah Pool

Politics for sceptics

page 13 change at work, which this election has helped reveal. It is a shift in political culture, unlikely to remain confined to America. Something like it is probably happening in Britain.

First, the specifics. The race is a turn-off because people feel they already know the result. Clinton is about to win what the experts call a status quo landslide: times are good, so people re-elect the incumbent to keep things that way. Reagan had a status quo landslide in 1984 and so did Richard Nixon in 1972. Clinton's might be even more lethargic because, unlike them, he can boast both peace and prosperity — the first presidential candidate to be so blessed since 1928.

He's further helped by duelling with an abysmal campaigner who has failed to make it a real contest. Bob Dole is so bad that the defining image of the election is likely to be an excruciating shot of Dole in California, falling flat on his face from a platform.

The voters are about to blame. Their demands for civility in public discourse have neutered the candidates, forcing them to hold back the personal attacks and one-liners that make an election zing. It may be civil, but it's also dull.

The real debate happened nine months ago, when the Republicans shut down large chunks of the federal government to force Clinton to accept their lean budget. The public sided with the president, he seized the centre ground, never let go. He's led in the polls ever since.

Besides, the electorate is exhausted. They've already had their referendum on the Clinton presidency; it came in the 1994 congressional elections, when an anti-Clinton landslide delivered the Congress to the Republicans. And they've also had a vigorous national debate they had it last year, over the OJ Simpson trial, when they passionately battled over race, sex, money and the justice system. It's hard to generate that energy all over again. All this has lowered the political temperature, and allowed Clinton to stroll to presumed victory.



But the deeper cause is a change that Clinton himself has understood and made his own. For he has mastered politics in the age of scepticism. Here's how it works. Critics have attributed the tedium of the 1996 campaign to the absence of a big, defining issue. For years it was the Cold war, in 1989 it was the bloodiest in Vietnam, in 1992 it was the recession.

But this year it's been about what one pundit called "teeny-tiny politics" — the triumph of the small. And it's Clinton's fault. He has failed to offer an all-encompassing doctrine or core ideology. Instead he suggests a series of micro-policies: a \$500-a-child tax credit, a five-day waiting period before you can buy a handgun, school uniforms, teen curfews, 48-hour hospital stays for new mothers. No grand talk of overhauling education, reforming healthcare or banning guns.

For this, he has been assailed from left and right. The hero of 1998, the anti-war presidential candidate Eugene McCarthy says Clinton acts as if he's running not for president but for governor of the United States, dealing in the humdrum minutiae that should be the province of local government.

"You'd need a microscope and tweezers to find Bill Clinton's vision for a second term," says Dole spokeswoman Christina Martin, who accuses Clinton of hiding behind "an ever-increasing heap of mini-proposals". Dole, by contrast, has a big idea: a 15 per cent across-the-board tax cut, accompanied by his own supply-side economic ideology. Yet Dole is losing.

That's because Americans have grown sceptical about big ideas. They heard George Bush say "read my lips, no new taxes" in 1988 — only to impose the biggest tax increase in US history two years later. They saw what came of Bill Clinton's own big promise to restructure the US health system. And, recently they have rebelled against the grand visionaries of the Republican Revolution, turning in particular against the ideologue-in-chief, Newt Gingrich.

Now ideology is out. Americans prefer small, achievable and — crucially — verifiable plans that might actually work. When Clinton tells a crowd he will alter the rules to make it slightly easier to buy a home, you can see voters turn to each other, nod and say "I could really use that". Meanwhile, Bob Dole's big talk about Trust,

Leadership, Integrity fails flat. Clinton wisely avoids capital letters. Americans no longer believe in them.

The phenomenon is not confined to politics. Nike's new advertising slogan is a deliberate reversal of the marketer's usual big promises: "We Don't Sell Dreams. We Sell Shoes." The ad goes on to speak for the consumer, addressing those who oversell their wares: "Don't insult our intelligence. Tell us what it is. Tell us what it does. And don't play the national anthem while you do it." It's the same message Americans are currently sending their politicians. The soft drink Sprite uses a similar technique. "Sprite is just a soda," says its new radio jingle for sceptical consumers.

Tellingly both Nike and Sprite are aiming at Generation X, where wariness of big talk is greatest. That generation also shows most clearly the move from scepticism to pragmatism. They don't believe in -isms, but they do participate in small, low-ambition projects that work. Only 15 per cent of America's 18-to-24 year olds voted in 1994; yet statistics show twentysomethings with the highest degree of volunteerism ever. They

Who wants to go to an election rally when the World Series is on? PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN DUNN/ALAMY

wouldn't believe in a movement to end all poverty but they will help out at the local soup kitchen for the homeless. The sentiment infuses their speech. The words of approbation among the nose-pierced classes are not "good" or "great" but "that works". It's the only test.

This is what Bill Clinton has understood, and what the other generation of pundits — and Bob Dole — does not. They still want high-blown rhetoric and big issues. They fret about abstract notions, like the morality of the presidential character, not realising the country has moved on. The voters admit Clinton is not honest, but they don't care. Whitewater and links to Indonesian big business don't matter. All that counts is whether the president is doing a couple of things that can help them.

Bob Dole is only the latest victim of the shift. Mario Cuomo, the angel-tongued rhetorician, who once electrified Democratic audiences, was turfed out of the New York Governor's mansion in 1994

because voters felt he talked a good game but didn't do anything. The finest orator in America, Jesse Jackson, has suffered a similar fate. In his family, the generation gap is painfully visible; while he still produces the purest hot air in the land but holds no office, his son is a first-term congressman. Jesse Jackson talks about right and wrong. Jesse Jackson Jr works on a new road system for Chicago and on installing computers in schools.

There is now little room for ideology. Americans have grown sceptical of the notion that one system might have all the answers. They're fiscally conservative, but they're for gun control — but they're also anti-abortion, so where does that leave them? says Cathy Minter, 41, of California, one of the Soccer Mums, the white, affluent suburban women seen as a pivotal voting group in this election. "I'm not a Democrat. I'm not a Republican, what am I?"

Old-fashioned politics fault Clinton for lacking a core of conviction, for cherry-picking the best ideas of both parties. But that's exactly what voters like Ma Minter are doing, including the vast numbers expected to "ticket-split" on November 5 — choosing a Democrat for one office, a Republican for another.

It means the heat has gone from the old partisan battles and from this election. Americans in the 1990s know that nothing in their own lives is black and white; why should politics be any different? As the novelist Richard Ford wrote this week: "For a time in recent memory, American voters favoured a president who nominally if merely stood for something. Now they're happy with a man who seems to understand that life is hard and complicated. He doesn't pretend to have all the answers; they wouldn't believe him if he did."

Americans have become wary of the very idea of unwavering conviction: the presidential father-figure, laying down the law, now seems ridiculous — like a Dad who insists on sitting at the head of the table and issuing orders.

Elections seem less lively when they're so micro. But now that Tony Blair is talking about nursery schools and teenage training — rather than rationalisation and redistribution of wealth — this might be the way all our elections will be fought.

Quiz answers

- 1. (a) Sir James Goldsmith, whose Referendum party held its inaugural conference. 2. (a) Gandhi, a collection of whose letters was sold at Phillips. 3. (b) Napoleon, a collection of whose wit and wisdom was unearthed by Russian historians. 4. Eyebrows were raised when the President, "an enthusiastic but limited" golfer, claimed to have shot an 83 on a course in Albuquerque. 5. The police. This new helmet is part of a redesigned uniform due to be introduced next year. 6. Puppets Wallace and Gromit, whose creator Nick Park left them in a cab. 7. Liz Hurley and Hugh Grant, who are leaving Beverly Hills for Paris. 8. Training sessions with Stockport County FC, now available on the NHS at the usual prescription rate of £5.50. 9. The BBC's Sportsnight was axed after 30 years, while Obit announced a mid-week lottery draw. 10. Christopher Brocklebank-Fowler, who announced that he was defecting to Labour. 11. (b) The Romanian National Opera's production of Aida at the Albert Hall halted by leather-clad gay protesters. 12. (a) Princess Diana. 13. (c) Eric Cantona, reflecting in his new autobiography, Cantona on Cantona. 14. God. The others said they were supporting Labour: in God's case we only have Tony Blair's word for it. 15. (c) John Major, continuing the battle for the moral high ground. How you rate 0-4 Burn in hell 5-9 Report 10-14 Pray for us 15 Model citizen

A case of prints and dubious justice

Don Bachardy is famous because he loved Christopher Isherwood. That's enough, isn't it?

For the love of the poet

THE JOANNA COLES INTERVIEW

DON BACHARDY was a blonde, crew-cut of 18 when he met the author of *Goodbye to Berlin* at a dinner party in Los Angeles. Thirty years his senior, Christopher Isherwood was at the height of his fame, his novels and screenplays, including *Mr Norris Changes Trains* and *Journey to a War* (written with WH Auden) had brought him both acclaim and wealth.

Bachardy had neither, in fact he had just enrolled as a student at the local university. "Ah had a coupla habballs and Ah got quite giddy," he says, in a voice so strange, so odd, so physical, I feel as if I'm being stroked all over with a chamomile leather.

"Ah wasn't used to drinking, and before Ah knew where were Chris and Ah standing in the dining-room kissing! Well, we lost our balance and fell against a window and broke the panes! Ah was horrified! Ah thought 'Oh such behaviour!' Ah must go home immediately."

So home Bachardy went back to the small apartment in Hollywood he shared with his mother, Glade. Age, education, background and friends were against the two men ever meeting again. But three months later, on St Valentine's Day, 1953, they did, and promptly embarked upon one of the most remarkable love affairs of the century. It was to end 33 years later only with Isherwood's death.

"Ah wasn't looking for anybody," says Bachardy. "Besides, when Ah met him, Chris was already a year older than mah father!"

I have spent all week thinking how best to describe Don Bachardy's hold on the first, second and last thing you notice, and you can almost see it as he opens his mouth. You can almost watch the words floating towards you as he delivers them in his extraordinary aromatic whisper.

"Ah overheard someone once saying Ah sound exactly like Vivien Leigh in *A Streetcar Named Desire*! It was meant cruelly, too."

Almost every answer he gives begins with a high-pitched expletive "Ohhh". Then there's the accent itself: stage English, strange for a man who has lived and loved in LA all his life.

"Ohhh, I got it from Chris," he beams. "All the people who knew me before I met Chris thought I was puttin' on the dog!" Putting on what? "You know, getting all highfalutin', getting pretentious. I was wildly humiliated, I thought 'Yes, it must sound that way'. I desperately wanted to stop, but I just couldn't."

And he flaps his arms as if he's about to take off. "It's just one of those things I have to live with!"

We meet in a creamy pied-à-terre in Victoria, which Bachardy is borrowing from a friend now living in France. He's in London for two nights only, to celebrate the publication of Isherwood's *Colours Diaries*, the first volumes of which has just been edited by Katherine Bucknell (Methuen 225). Behind him a cream painting proclaims "If Music be the Food of Love Fortissimo!" and in the bookshelf next to him a copy of *Men On Men: Their Secret Ways And Pasts*.

Bachardy sits so far back on the sofa that his Caramac shoes don't quite meet the carpet and though he is now 62, and his crewcut is no longer blonde, I am struck by how young, how boyish he still appears.

"Ohhh, I have always looked young," he giggles breathlessly. "The first time Chris took me to New York a serious rumour went round town that Christopher had brought a 12-year-old with him! A lot of people believed it! I did look very young. And many of the people I met were homosexual and



Don Bachardy... "Ah sound exactly like Vivien Leigh in *A Streetcar Named Desire*!"

PHOTOGRAPH: EAMONN MCGABE

they just thought I was the *disco* of the year! They were all saying: 'Oh, Chris, where did you find him? Oh, I was a huge success that first trip to New York.' He clasps his arms together and gives himself a little hug as he reminisces. "Ohhh, I met Auden the first time in that glamorous big city. Chris took me to all the Broadway shows, we went to *Tea And Sympathy*. I was just crazy about Deborah Kerr. Chris didn't know her, but he said: 'She's British, I'll take a chance she's heard of me' and he sent a note in to her. There was a very rude stage manager stopping everyone, but in moments the door was flung open and there was Deborah in her dressing-gown and stage make-up being absolutely charming. I was just agog!"

So too were several of Isherwood's friends, who doubted Bachardy's sincerity and feared Isherwood was indulging in middle-aged folly. His landlady insisted that he leave his house immediately, and so the two men quickly rented the first of their many apartments together.

But more striking than their age difference was the difference in their backgrounds. Bachardy's father, a toolfitter, was intolerant of his sons' homosexuality (Ted, Don's older brother, was also gay), had no time for artists and had drummed into his sons the importance of a regular job. How earth did Don cope with his initial entry into such a highbrow and bohemian world?

"Ohhh, I often felt out of my

depth having dinner with Aldous and Laura (Huxley) or Igor and Vera (Stravinsky)," he whispers. "It would have been impossible for me if Chris hadn't been so attentive and so sensitive to the situation. He was tuned in to all the problems I was experiencing, and so helpful to me."

"He was certainly my literary guide. I'd done very little reading before I met him and he started giving me books to read. The first was Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, the second was *The Great Gatsby*. The better he got to know me the better he was able to choose books he thought I was able to enjoy."

"In school I was given *War And Peace* to read so he augmented that with *Madame Bovary* and it was *fascinating*. A whole world opened up. Here was a man who would answer all my questions. I couldn't have had a better guide."

But didn't he feel as if he was being moulded by someone else? "Ohhh, but I wanted to be moulded! Every time we went out together, to meet distinguished people, I would say: 'How was it? Did I embarrass you? Did I do anything wrong?' He would usually tell me that I'd been a great success and charming."

"I remember, at one party I was talking about the Chaplin film *Monsieur Verdoux* and Chris overheard me say *monsieur*, instead of *m'sieur*. He told me afterwards: 'You don't pronounce the N'. In my ignorance I had always said *monsieur*!' And he squeals with laughter."

But it sounds more like a teacher/pupil relationship than a love affair. Didn't he feel humiliated? "Ohhh, Peggy Kiskadden [Isherwood's closest female friend] said I was a callow youth and that Chris shouldn't be wast-

ing the Huxleys' time by exposing them to me. But she never hesitated to tire the Stravinskys and the Huxleys with her teenage child. It's just that I didn't have any pedigree and she was a snob. After a couple of years he cut her off."

And Bachardy began his own transformation. Persuaded by Isherwood to give up his language course and study art, first at the Chouinard Institute in LA, and later at the Slade in London, he soon developed a distinctive style. Within a few years he had a staggering portfolio of Isherwood's friends and acquaintances, including Stephen Spender, Katharine Hepburn, Deborah Kerr, EM Forster, James Baldwin, John Gielgud, Auden ("he took longer to do because there was so much going on in that face") Francis Bacon ("Nobody more fascinating, wonderful face, the intensity,

the mad glazed stare of genius"), the Stravinskys, the Huxleys and of course, Isherwood himself.

Did people accuse him of using Isherwood to further his own career? "Well, they couldn't accuse me because I'd say: 'Of course! Ha ha ha! I'd be mad not to. You see what you have. Excuse me.'" he says as the phone goes and he sits off the sofa and pads away to answer it.

At this point, a group of children outside start lighting fireworks, and the rest of our conversation is punctuated intermittently by the weird scream and whoosh of rockets.

I knew if our relationship was to work I had to have something of my own," Bachardy continues, clambering back on to the sofa. "I knew it would be intolerable, living with him, if I just became a shadow figure, so I had to have a personality. I had to be accomplished in some way. Chris realised that my being an artist might be just the right thing for me. He was very very smart, he never gave me bad advice." Whoosh.

The day he died, I started drawing him after he was dead, and I did 11 drawings. "Was that difficult?" "Oh, I knew where ever Chris was, he wasn't in that corpse on the bed anymore. It was progressive too, the longer I kept at it, the more removed he was from the body." Fascinating, I murmur, trying to picture Isherwood fading away with prostate cancer while Bachardy worked frantically at the bedside with his sketchbook. "Oh yes it was, yes it

was," he purrs sadly. "In those last few months with Chris it was so intense I felt his dying was something we were doing together, we were really sharing the experience."

Did Isherwood talk about dying? "Ohhh, he talked a lot about it. He said he'd never felt sicker. Was he scared? "It wasn't death so much as dying. One of the worst things that could happen to him would have been a hospital death, so I decided early on if I could spare him that I would." He did and Isherwood died at home. "And because of that I could do the drawings. I could never have done those at hospital."

The night of his lover's death, Bachardy picked up Isherwood's diaries and began to read them — something he had never done before. "It was the perfect antidote for my grief. Here was this detailed account of all our years together written by this wonderful writer. Imagine how I felt when I came across passages directed to me!"

He slips into Isherwood's voice: "Don, Don, I know you'll be reading this. It was like getting messages from beyond the grave. Another whoooooosh, then a bang. But wasn't he hurt by some of the entries which, in the way of myopically detailed literary diaries, are not always flattering?"

"Oh, he's so kind to me, much kinder than I deserve," he insists, as I pick out some passages.

"April 19, 1953: Worried because of Don's restlessness... it's very natural no doubt that he should want parties, excitement. But underneath this demand I detect a certain hysteria — something unhealthy like the peevishness of a sick, spoiled child."

May 9: Don made one of his scenes. He has no real friends — all of mine disregard or despise him, etc etc. Also he is in a terribly disturbed state about his birthday party. He wants it to be full of stars, and yet he doesn't want them."

May 18: The prospects for his party aren't bright. Judy Garland and Grando, the Bogarts and Shelley Winners decline to be coming. This will be an awful disappointment for Don."

May 20: What really upset me was Don's mother had to be turned away — Don went out and met her and told her not to come — because there wasn't a single star present, and because everybody had sat down, so Mrs Bachardy wouldn't have been able to mingle inconspicuously with the crowd."

"Ohhh, I was a very difficult personality," Bachardy laughs. "Chris used to say I had more temperament than anyone else he'd ever met."

Does he still? "Oh people don't change!" And rubbing his knees, this small crystallised fruit of a man, hoots again with his strange laughter.

How did they manage to stay together for so long? "The answer, I think, was a particular advantage. We didn't have that competitive edge." Neither were they entirely faithful, Bachardy, in particular, would occasionally disappear for a few weeks on his own.

How important was monogamy to them? "Well, Chris had had all this experience, and I insisted upon mah freedom! He realised he couldn't demand I'd be completely faithful to him."

But wasn't he hurt when Don took lovers? "Well it demanded an awful lot of tact from me, was very careful to let him know he was number one. That nobody could or would threaten his position." How? "By being close to him and holding him and reassuring him in every way possible."

It is now 10 years since Isherwood's death and Bachardy, who recently charged the former Governor of California, Gerry Brown, \$13,000 for a portrait, lives with an architect called Tim, who is 36. "We live in the same house, originally we even slept in the same bed!"

Did that feel weird? "It seemed absolutely right. I used to say to Chris: 'You'll last just long enough until I'm old and ugly and no one will want me.' But he said: 'Oh no. One day you'll find someone.' And I did. You see I had all this wonderful stuff I'd learned from Chris, and I had to share it with someone."

A selection of Don Bachardy's portraits can be seen at the National Portrait Gallery until January 31

May 9: 'Don made one of his scenes. He has no real friends — all of mine disregard or despise him. Also he is in a terribly disturbed state about his birthday party. He wants it to be full of stars and yet he doesn't want them'

Christopher Isherwood, right, on Don Bachardy



JEREMY HARDY



A case of prints and dubious justice

READERS may remember that two years ago some men escaped from Whitemoor Prison in Cambridgeshire. Their trial has been postponed twice. The case is all about the alleged escape attempt. None the less, it will highlight an earlier unrelated conviction and put the spotlight back on an Irishman who claims to be wrongly convicted of a bombing offence.

When I saw the papers and read that Danny McNamee had joined an escape attempt, my heart sank. What would people think? There he was, trying to establish his innocence and suddenly he legs it. Then I asked myself, what man wouldn't after eight years in a box, ten foot by six?

Danny was arrested at his home in Crossmaglen in August 1983. He was told that his fingerprint had been found on a piece of masking tape in an arms cache in Salcey Forest in January 1984, and charged with conspiracy to cause explosions. In December, he was told that a

second print had been identified on a piece of tape found in an arms cache in Pangbourne, Berkshire, in 1983.

Danny told police that since he had worked in an electronic repair factory in Dundalk, his fingerprints could very easily be found on materials which were eventually used in bomb making. Indeed, the fingerprints of dozens of other people were found in the arms caches and eliminated for similar reasons.

More significantly, the prints of Dessie Ellis, who freely admits his involvement by Danny, were all over the Pangbourne devices. He had already been jailed in the Republic after being found in possession of electronic circuitry identical to that found at Salcey.

This evidence was not disclosed by the Crown at Danny's trial, nor at his subsequent appeal. In 1982, Ellis was extradited from Ireland and tried for involvement with those devices. After testifying that he had already served his sentence in the

Republic, he was acquitted. In the spring of 1987, Danny, still on remand, was told that another fingerprint had been found on a battery recovered from a controlled explosion in Paddington, in December 1983.

Police records show that the battery was in their possession three days before the bomb was found. New expert evidence shows that the print is not even Danny's.

But these three prints made up the prosecution case against Danny until just before the start of his trial, when the Crown changed the indictment to include the Hyde Park Bomb of July 1982. A broken circuit board allegedly found by a passer-by a week after the explosion appeared to have an identical pattern to the one found at Salcey.

Tellingly, when Dessie Ellis was tried in London, Hyde Park was not included in the indictment. All the publicity surrounding Danny's trial had revolved around the Crown's case that this was the Hyde Park

Bomber — the killer of four men, and, most importantly for the tabloids, seven horses.

Danny's troubles began in February 1984, when he was working in Dundalk, just over the

The Crown claimed he was the Hyde Park Bomber — the killer of four men and worse, thought the tabloids, seven horses

border from Crossmaglen. His employers manufactured parts for gaming machines and had asked a Mr Moyna to design a circuit board to prevent such machines from being fiddled. Danny was sent to meet him and both men were arrested by Gardaí and charged with involve-

ment in bomb-making.

When the purpose of the circuit boards was established in court the charges were dropped. But this did not prevent Danny's fingerprints being sent on to Scotland Yard. It later transpired that the Irish police suspected Danny's employers of paramilitary involvement. Danny left the firm, deciding that the job was not worth the complications.

But his name was now in the system. The prosecution at his trial in 1987 told the jury that he had been in trouble with the Gardaí because of circuit boards. No mention was made of the fact that the accusation had been proven false. So the fact of his arrest by the Gardaí must have been fatally important in the minds of jurors.

But it also raises serious questions about the conduct of the investigation. All three fingerprints used to convict Danny, plus a full set of his prints from the Irish police, sat in Scotland Yard for two years without a match being made. I'm not detec-

tive, but this seems weird to me. I've been in contact with Danny for five years. I have tried to visit him but failed to be cleared by the Home Office vetting procedure for Category A prisoners.

Warders in Whitemoor told him I'm a security risk, which was a very proud moment for me. All lefties fondly imagine our phones are tapped, but to be a security risk is beyond our wildest dreams.

As for Danny, tabloid papers displayed their taste for hyperbole by proclaiming in banner headlines "IRA prisoners banquet on caviar and bathe in asses milk". He is now in HMP Full Sutton, locked up for twenty-two hours a day, and suffering from the adult form of rickets.

So this week's column lays no particular claim to topicality and is certainly short on light relief. But I ask readers to write to the Home Secretary urging him to refer the original conviction to the Court of Appeal. He can be found at 50 Queen Anne's Gate, London SW1.

16 THE WEEK



Royals, Gazza, Spice et moi

SUNDAY: In Cheltenham for a debate on the monarchy, part of the annual literature festival there. There seem to be dozens of these now, all over the country, proof that writers will go anywhere to talk about themselves.

MONDAY: The Guardian reports that production of Chablis is up 20

times on a quarter century ago, and much of it is awful. I feel sorry for French drinkers, most of whom know little about wine outside their own region. They can't afford the good stuff, which now fetches hundreds of pounds a bottle and winds up in New York and Tokyo. Meanwhile, their supermarkets sell racks of mediocre rubbish which they wrongly assume is drinkable because it's French.

TUESDAY: The Spice Girls are at number one again, which is big news in our house, where we are still playing their first hit, 'Wannabe'. This includes the immortal line 'I really, really, really wanna zigzag, saah!' which contrives to be meaningless and filthy at the same time. The Spice Girls were assembled through a magazine ad and are a brilliant piece of marketing, suggesting the pubescent sexuality which little girls both anticipate and fear. They say: 'Look, this is all going to happen to you, but you can still stay in charge of your life.'

THURSDAY: Amid the usual abusive letters ('you sick pool-fover') comes a thoughtful note from Anthony Julius, Princess Di's solicitor. He encloses a lecture he gave in Chicago this month, concerning the conundrum I mentioned last week: can we ignore TS Eliot's anti-Semitism when we read 'The Waste Land', and do we put out of our mind Paul Gascoigne's wife-beating when we watch him play?

We could use a different royal family. If the Windsors have lost Cheltenham, the end may be closer than we think

FRIDAY: I see Lord Gladwyn, the former Gladwyn Jebb, has died. He was a former Ambassador to Paris and a fine man, though he didn't half go on. A colleague of mine met him at a Liberal party reception, and found himself harangued — in German, a language he does not speak. After 20 minutes, Jebb said something in what was clearly an interrogative tone. My friend said: 'Oh, I think you just go to the bar and help yourself.' Jebb glowered, turned on his heel, and stalked off.

WEDNESDAY: Waterloo Station is like an Arab souk these days, with merchants plucking at your sleeve, begging you to buy, offering free samples. You expect the man flogging vegetable choppers

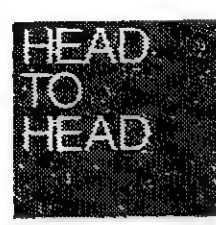
decent people and their children a hell on earth. Yours, Stephen Green

Dear Stephen, WOOOOOO... I never realised that hate was a 'family value'. Contrary to your apparent assumption, I'm not gay myself, but I will never accept that lesbians, gays or bisexuals are less worthy of respect and regard because of their sexual orientation. I count among my friends sadomasochists, sex workers, transvestites and fetishists, people who believe in monogamy and the startlingly promiscuous. I see no moral dimension to this, so long as they involve only consenting adults, all these choices should be legally equivalent. Ethically, it depends on altogether different issues, like whether you treat your partner (or partners) with consideration, honesty and respect, and we both know that marriage is no guarantee of that. Do try to remember, Stephen, your God is not mine. Though society still needs ethics, these can only have a common currency if they are based on a consensus about what is right and wrong. Reasonable people in this society are united in abhorrence of anal assault. It's time the judicial system focused on real crimes like these and stopped harassing consenting adults on behalf of the prudish and narrow minded. Any new consensus must be based on protection of the vulnerable, the right to decide what to do with our own bodies and respect for other people's choices. Ironically, these principles are by no means incompatible with much traditional religious teaching. Who was it that said, 'Judge not, and ye shall not be judged?' Ring any bells Stephen? Not 'Never mind. I don't suppose it was anyone connected with your religion?' Yours, Spencer Woodcock

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It hurts me to dissent



The 'Spanner' case of 16 men jailed for sado-masochism this week went to the European courts. S&M campaigner Spencer Woodcock and Christian writer Stephen Green debate the limits of consent

Dear Stephen,

LAST MARCH "disorderly house" charges against Crib Whiplash were thrown out by a jury. The police had mounted a huge operation involving over 40 officers, involving a 250-year-old law prohibiting public dancing in an attempt to prevent consenting adults having fun in a private club. So why did police use their over-stretched resources to target Whiplash? Are the police really so short of crimes with victims that policing our sexual behaviour is a priority? In the past, right and wrong in sexual and other matters was largely determined by religious doctrine. Wrong was synonymous with sin. This system can no longer be the basis for public morality as there is no longer any religion to which the majority of the population subscribes. This does not make ethics any less important, but the rationale underpinning traditional morality has long gone. Fortunately, we do not need it.

We have an excellent guide to which sexual behaviour should be tolerated in modern society — the notion of consent. I propose that consenting adults be allowed to do what they like as long as they do not impose on others. Hardly revolutionary or even radical really, simply common sense. The last three decades have seen male homosexuality (partially) decriminalised, extramarital sex normalised and varied (often non-procreative) sexual practices become widespread. Consent is the only sensible test as to whether these activities are ethical and should be what determines whether they are legal. I realise that hard questions remain about the limits of consent: issues about age, mental competence, permissible levels of persuasion. These boundaries are a proper subject for debate. Immoral, archaic laws and the taboos of religious minorities is not proper. It is idiotic and immoral. Public morality has moved on. Yours, Spencer Woodcock



Hell for leather? Let the punishment fit the times... discipline reaches the High Street

Dear Spencer,

THANK you for your fax, and for welcoming me to a brave new world where autonomous adults may consent to homosexual activity, extra-marital sex and partial sexual perversion, free of legal restraint. Rousseau and de Sade will be dancing for what passes in Hell for sheer joy. "Consent" plus "not imposing on others", in your law system, defines whether people are acting ethically and legally. Traditional morality, you say, with its values of fidelity and commitment, has "long gone", and this is what you offer to put in its place. In the real world, Spencer, what adults consent to in their self-absorbed cocoons has a knock-on effect. Take the most obvious example of "consenting" adulterers. It imposes on others. In particular, it betrays and destroys the lives of two other adults and usually a number of children, none of whom "consented". You might find my next point boring, but many sexual choices put taxpayers at considerable expense. They did not consent to subsidising the dissolute lifestyles of others. Their money is just taken. What an imposition! And undeniably, visible aggressive "in-your-face" homosexuality imposes on us and corrodes our cultural environment. Your aim is more than to be allowed to do your barbaric things quietly in private. As you have to admit, you want to impose your laws and your warped morality on the rest of us. Yet even you see the problems with consent alone. What about age, as you mention it? If "consent" is all that matters, why have an "age of consent"? Define "adult" for me. And yes, what about mental competence, or indeed competence itself? What about "permissible levels of persuasion"? Must the "consent" be in writing or is it just your word

against his, or hers, as to whether anyone consented? And just what level of mutilation is acceptable in your proposed new world as something to which someone may ethically and legally consent? Yours, Stephen Green

Dear Stephen,

WHERE exactly did I say that I condone adultery? Let me be quite clear, I do not believe that monogamous relationships within wedlock are uniquely valid or moral arrangements for having sex. If, however, monogamy is the basis of a relationship, and this understanding is broken behind one partner's back, certainly that is a betrayal and nothing I have said can excuse it. Operation Spanner, and the subsequent trials in which gay men were convicted for consensual SM, cost millions. The Whiplash raid cost hundreds of thousands of pounds. I am not asking for any subsidy so the public expense argument is risible. Spanner has been the sado-masochists' Stonewall. If our resulting visibility offends you I suggest that you complain to Scotland Yard! I have no desire to impose my own morality on anyone. I am simply not prepared to be governed by yours and I make no apology for fighting back when I'm attacked. As I said before, the limits of consent are a proper subject for debate. The point is to balance freedom of choice with protection of the vulnerable. Last year, a rape case founded after it was revealed that the alleged victim had SM paraphernalia and pornography in her room. The judge asked the jury "what was this young man supposed to think?" He was supposed to think that her right to say no had nothing to do with her sexual preferences or her sexual history, or the length of her skirt! The protection of the

law should not depend on conformity with outmoded chastity taboos. Focus on consent protects everybody's right to say no as well as yes. This is one reason why paternalistic moralists oppose it! Yours, Spencer Woodcock

Dear Spencer,

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Sponsor a child today and make a lifetime of difference. Rani is just eight years old. The only life she's ever known is one of hunger and poverty. And without help, this is the only life she'll ever have. But sponsor a child through ACTIONAID, and you can give a child like Rani a better chance in life. You can help provide education - giving her hope of a better future. You can help provide clean water and proper health care - improving the health of everyone in the community. In return for your support, you'll receive a photo and messages from the child you sponsor. You'll also see how your money is helping through regular project reports from our field workers. Please sponsor a child today. Please sponsor a child today. ACTIONAID

Doonesbury BY GARRY TRUDEAU. ACTUALLY, DEAR, PROP 215 HAS A LOT OF SUPPORT FROM RESPECTABLE QUARTERS. UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S OPPOSED BY OUR AMBITIOUS ATTORNEY GENERAL, DAN LINGREN. DANNY LINGREN? WHY, I'VE KNOWN HIS FAMILY FOR YEARS! THEN YOU SHOULD KNOW HE HAS A HEART LIKE A PEACH PIT! HE WANTS VERY ILL PEOPLE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN PAIN AND LAW-BREAKING. OH, DEAR, DEAR... LET ME TALK TO HIS MOTHER. COULD YOU, DEAR? I'M GETTING TIRED OF PAYING STREET PRICES.

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WOOOOOO... I never realised that hate was a "family value". Contrary to your apparent assumption, I'm not gay myself, but I will never accept that lesbians, gays or bisexuals are less worthy of respect and regard because of their sexual orientation. I count among my friends sadomasochists, sex workers, transvestites and fetishists, people who believe in monogamy and the startlingly promiscuous. I see no moral dimension to this, so long as they involve only consenting adults, all these choices should be legally equivalent. Ethically, it depends on altogether different issues, like whether you treat your partner (or partners) with consideration, honesty and respect, and we both know that marriage is no guarantee of that. Do try to remember, Stephen, your God is not mine. Though society still needs ethics, these can only have a common currency if they are based on a consensus about what is right and wrong. Reasonable people in this society are united in abhorrence of anal assault. It's time the judicial system focused on real crimes like these and stopped harassing consenting adults on behalf of the prudish and narrow minded. Any new consensus must be based on protection of the vulnerable, the right to decide what to do with our own bodies and respect for other people's choices. Ironically, these principles are by no means incompatible with much traditional religious teaching. Who was it that said, 'Judge not, and ye shall not be judged?' Ring any bells Stephen? Not 'Never mind. I don't suppose it was anyone connected with your religion?' Yours, Spencer Woodcock

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SMALLWEED



IF LABOUR wins the election, it's said, we may see the end of that annual feast of flummery, the State Opening of Parliament. My own reading of New Labour's intentions suggests this is going too far. Tony Blair seems more likely to favour solutions which combine New Labour's commitment to carry through ruthless modernisation while doing nothing at all to offend those who value continuity. Symbolism would be preserved, but procedures would be remodelled to reflect Blair's values in the workaday world of our fading century. According to Smallweed's sources, the pattern would look like this: OUT: expensive hauberk like the Sword of State, the Cap of Maintenance, and the Cap of Dignity. IN: the Sun of Decadence, the Carpet of Achievement, and the Cello of Consensus (baked annually by the House of Commons Refreshment Department and distributed after the ceremony to the deserving poor of Belgraveia). OUT: such traditional dignitaries as the Fitzwalter Pursuivant Extraordinary, the Lady of the Bedchamber, and Ronge Croix. IN: the Community Stakeholder, the Vowmaster-General, and Ever so-slightly-Rouge Croix. The Gracious Speech will be read in alternate paragraphs by Frunella Scules and Timothy West. It will not contain any verbs. SUCH A SHAME that even in this age of advanced telecommunications we haven't been able to get through to Nye Bevan, who died in 1960. Given the long animosity between Bevanites and Gaitskillites, he would surely be delighted to learn how the money was found to pay the sculptor who executed a bust of him for the Parliamentary Labour Party. The cost of the bust — by Robert Thomas — was 25,000. The Commons authorities chipped in 21,000. Labour MEPs raised 25,430 (roughly 200 contributions of 50 did not). Labour peers found a further 2580. MEPs a stalwart 280, and staff in Westminster and Strasbourg a dazzling 225. That left an embarrassing shortfall of 288. At which point someone discovered that the long-defunct Labour Solidarity Campaign (Gaitskillites had raised 21,000 in some cobwebbed bank account. The Chief Whip, Donald Dewar, and the shadow Scottish secretary, George Robertson — neither, to put it mildly, a spiritual heir of Bevan — had a word with the custodians of this money, Stuart Bell and Ken Weath (ditto), and the gap was bridged. Once there were Gaitskillites who'd have balked at spending even a pound for this cause: once there were Bevanites who'd have regarded even bankruptcy as better than taking funds from so polluted a source. Could it be that this ancient feud is buried at last? Probably not.

IN MONDAY'S Guardian, Roy Hattersley asserted that the conference of the Referendum Party lacked only a speech by Geoffrey Boycott, castigating the Germans for never having produced a world-class opening batsman. But perhaps Boycott takes the view that an Osenbrück-born opening batsman who played against the West Indies in 1984 might well have become world class had one of their bowlers not thoughtlessly broken his arm. His name was, and is, Paul Terry (Glamphshire and England). While my nose is in this particular reference book, I also note the evidence, which seems to be missing from Wisden, that someone called Hattersley played 124 matches for Yorkshire between 1867 and 1880. The reason why this crucial fact is unknown to so many is that Hattersley played under the sobriquet Pinder, his full name being George Pinder Hattersley.

BY A QUIRK of the calendar, the US election falls on November 5, Bonfire Night. At first glance the precedents here favour Clinton. On November 5, 1912, the Democrat Woodrow Wilson defeated Theodore Roosevelt. On November 5, 1940 the incumbent Democrat Franklin D Roosevelt disposed of Wendell Wilkie. But the last time the contest fell on this date (1868), the Republican Nixon beat the Democrat Humphreys. To one to the Democrats. On the other hand, Smallweed's notoriously satirising statistician points out, each of the Democrat victors was soon afterwards embroiled in a major war.

PEOPLE whose gardening experience clearly exceeds my own are displeased by my reference last week to the folly of grasping nettles. Most complainants have retorted with a quotation running like this: "Tender-handed stroke a nettle, and it stings you for your pains; Grasp it like a man of mettle, and it soft as silk remains." This verse, as silk remains, had previously passed me by. And I cannot believe even now that they apply as easily to clumsy people like me as they do to the dextrous. A pedant writes: You ought to be ashamed of your ignorance quite as much as your clumsiness. All educated people must at some time in their childhood have had to learn these lines, the work of Aaron Hill (1685-1756). Smallweed wearily replies: It's all very well saying that now, but where were you last week when I needed you to save me from error? The pedant sniffs replies: I was nursing an injury to my hairy sustenance while extirpating in nettles some fashion a recalcitrant Weed.

Matthew His ter tim... Dissent's Guardian Angel

Matthew Engel asks what if the Hungarian uprising and Suez hadn't happened together?

History's terrible timing



Aldous Huxley... a death somewhat overlooked

Dissent's guardian angel

THE Manchester Guardian's famous attacks on Britain's Suez policy — "an act of folly without justification" (October 31, 1956), "hideously miscalculated and utterly immoral" (November 5) — came when the paper was itself in turmoil.

On October 31 there was a change of editor, one of only six this century. AP Wadsworth retired through ill-health and died four days later. The paper's staff were preoccupied by internal politics and not ideally prepared for Suez and Hungary.

The forceful response of the new editor, Alastair Hetherington, is now seen as one of the greatest episodes in the newspaper's history. Not everyone was so certain at the time. In 1982, when the Guardian refused to share national enthusiasm for the Falklands war, there was vulgar abuse from the Sun and mild chattering elsewhere. During Suez, public reaction was much stronger.

The London staff worked in a Fleet Street office, behind a plate-glass window. Someone bashed it in. "We were pretty much living in a state of siege," recalls Harold Jackson, then a sub-editor, later a distinguished foreign correspondent. "Luckily, there was a little alley down the side. We had to sneak away just to get to the pub."

It seems to be a myth that circulation fell because of the paper's stand: the figures for November 1956 were up five per cent. The main internal opposition came from the man in charge of the composing room, Mr Bigglestone, who objected to Hetherington's revolutionary typographical decision to run his November 5 leader across two columns.

Not everything about the Guardian's coverage of Suez was glorious. The story goes that the reporter sent with the British task force was so appalled by Government policy that, in protest, he refused to file reports. This was too much even for a liberal paper. When he came home he was fired.

SOMETIMES it just rains history. This may be a matter of simple, eerie coincidence. The writers Aldous Huxley and CS Lewis died within hours of each other on November 22, 1963, but the obituarists hardly noticed: it was the day President Kennedy was assassinated. On the night of October 15, 1956, Sir Alec Douglas-Home and Nikita Khrushchev — men with little in common — both fell from power, the day before China exploded its first atom bomb.

Forty years ago this week, two great dramas of the post-war era came to a crisis. Over the next few days, people will be raking over the cold embers of the Suez Crisis and the Soviet invasion of Hungary. History is usually considered in straight lines. But reality is more messy. It was especially messy as October turned to November in 1956. The question that has never been answered (and rarely posed) is to what extent the timing of these events affected their outcomes. It is possible to hypothesise that if there had been no war in the Middle East, the next 33 years of Communist rule in Eastern Europe would have been very different.

Many events were crammed into one fortnight. On October 23, 1956, the Hungarians, encouraged by anti-Soviet unrest in Poland, rose in revolt. Young people attacked tanks with their bare hands. By October 28, the reformer Imre Nagy was in power and promising democratisation. There was no immediate Soviet response. On October 29, a leader in the Times proclaimed: "The Hungarian people are winning. They have broken the gates of their prison... armed with little but their despair and courage and unity, they have wrought a change that will transform far more than Hungary."

But that night the Israelis launched their assault on the Suez Canal, recently nationalised by President Nasser. It seems likely that two items of news reached Moscow on the afternoon of October 30: Nagy's decision to abolish the one-party system, and the ultimatum of the British Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, to the warring parties in the Middle East — effectively an ultimatum to Nasser, since Britain and France were colluding with Israel.

On October 31, Britain and France began bombing Egyptian airfields. By that time the Soviet Presidium appears to have decided that the Hungarians would have to be crushed. Before dawn on November 4, 15 Soviet armoured divisions, equipped with 8,000 tanks, took control of the country. Nagy's last despairing message ended: "I hereby inform the people of Hungary and world opinion of the situation." World opinion was somewhat distracted.

There now seems to be a historical inevitability about the invasion of Hungary. We assume that the Russians would never voluntarily allow one of their subject nations its freedom but it did not seem that way in 1956. It was not only the Times and the Hungarians who were deceived: the CIA director, Allen Dulles, said there had been "a miracle".

Stalin had been dead for more than three years, and the tyranny that had reached its peak in the early 1950s had been mitigated. Nagy had come to power in Hungary in 1953 and embarked on what was known as the New Course: an emphasis on consumer goods rather than heavy industry,

a partial reversal of collectivisation, and a downgrading of everything Russian. Nagy had been ousted in 1955 and his liberalisation checked. But the response of the Hungarians was a classic example of the way revolutionary points are more likely to boil over when their lids have been loosened a little.

In February 1956, Khrushchev, as Soviet Communist leader, had denounced Stalin. In April, he had visited Britain with the Premier, Nikolai Bulganin, preaching mutual co-existence. The B and K Show had been the media event of the year: Khrushchev had reportedly said that if he were British, he would vote Tory. Thousands of the Hungarians were released or, if that was too late, posthumously rehabilitated.

Post-Stalinism was not yet in the straitjacket it would wear for the next three decades. If Nagy had not overplayed his hand by declaring withdrawal from the Warsaw Pact, he might have got away with it. And what if the nest had been able to concentrate?

There was another complication. President Eisenhower was dealing with the little matter that sends US policy into narcolepsy every fourth November: he was up for re-election on November 6. Indeed, much of the Washington officials' fury about Britain's behaviour seems to have been generated by their belief that it had complicated the President's most urgent concern. It now seems extraordinary that a US President could effectively repudiate Israel, as Eisenhower did, days before an election. But in 1956, the Jewish vote was so overwhelmingly Democratic that it was hardly a factor in the Republicans' calculations.

Public opinion was looking elsewhere. There was a huge protest in Trafalgar Square, but this was against the Suez action, not Hungary. It is hard to believe that in normal times opinion would not have reacted far more forcefully against the Soviet Union.

But the western alliance was riven. And it was hardly in a position to exert any moral authority against the Communists. The Soviet Union was accusing Britain of barbarism. Bulganin cabled Eden: "We are filled with determination to use force to crush the aggressors." "Oblivious of Hungary," Eden wrote sadly in his memoirs, "the Russians felt they could snarl with the pack." And so they could: there was a substantial body of thought in the world that the real danger to world peace came from Britain's reversion to imperialist bossiness, rather than from Nasser or Khrushchev. So the west had no chance to exert any kind of moral authority.

THIS argument formed part of the Commons attack on Eden by the Labour leader Hugh Gaitskell. If Suez had tilted the balance towards Russian intervention in Hungary, he considered the Government's action inexcusable: "If in any way Britain had destroyed the most hopeful, encouraging and heart-raising events since 1945 they were profoundly guilty."

Sir William Hayter, Britain's Ambassador in Moscow at the time, thought the Soviet leadership was hopelessly split between the strong-armers and liberals. He suspected Khrushchev might originally have wanted to hold off in Hungary to strengthen Soviet moral authority over Suez. But Nasser was a Soviet ally. And Moscow could do nothing to help him without a precipitating a



A world distracted in 1956... Russian tanks in Hungary, and the Royal Navy in Egypt

PHOTOMONTAGE, ROGER TOOTH

world war. "The Soviet government could not do much for Egypt," Hayter wrote later, "and could not take two simultaneous defeats, Egypt and Hungary."

We now have a few fragments of first-hand information to guide us further. Notes made at the time by a Kremlin apparatchik, VN Malin,

are quoted by Timothy Garton Ash in the latest New York Review of Books. "If we depart from Hungary," Khrushchev supposedly said, "it will give a great boost to the Americans, English and French — the imperialists. They will perceive it as weakness on our part and will go on to the

offensive... To Egypt they will then add Hungary." The world did avoid a complete catastrophe in the week that ranks with the Cuba crisis of 1962 as the most dangerous in post-war history. And whatever the rights and wrongs of Britain's intervention at Suez, it is unlikely that the last 40 years in the Middle East would have gone very differently. By November 3, Britain and France were backing down. But could an alternative scenario have saved Eastern Europe from 33 of the last 40 years under tyranny? The answer is a definite maybe.

The last of a very long line gives up

Francis Fulford, whose family have owned Great Fulford, Devon for 800 years, laments the sale of the Estcourt estate in Gloucester



Remond Sotheron Estcourt on the family land. PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID HOWELL

ESTCOURT is selling Estcourt. What does that mean? That the last member of the Estcourt family is finally selling his 1,400 acre estate in Gloucestershire and ending 700 years of ownership. Some no doubt will open a bottle of champagne — or elderberry wine — and celebrate as yet one more of England's dwindling band of squires gives up the unequal struggle. Others, of a more romantic bent, will shudder at another fragment of history and tradition disintegrates. And a small minority of Darwinians will see it as all part of evolution. The late Nicholas Ridley was of this school of thought and horrified the Historic Houses Association by remarking, at their AGM, that perhaps *anciens pairs*

should make way for *nouveau riches* rather than ask the Government for more tax breaks and grants. Personally, I have mixed feelings. I am sad because I am a romantic but I also have a sneaking sympathy with Ridley's view and have always thought that the hysterical reaction to his suggestion was overdone, since the vast majority of owners of Historic Houses are descended from *nouveau riches* themselves who, at some past time, bought out an old family like the Estcourts. Perhaps I ought to declare an interest. I live in a crumbling mass of masonry called Fulford, which my family have owned for 800 years. It is a miracle that families like the Estcourts, or mine, have sur-

vived. For the best part of a hundred years everyone has been predicting our demise regularly and with some justification. About three-quarters of country estates have vanished in the last century and of the remainder many are only a shadow of what they were. It is now estimated that there are only about 1,200 landed estates, complete with house and park, left in England, which means we must now qualify as an endangered species. Some people seem to think so and have the cheek to refer to our houses as part of the National Heritage. I don't hold with this view, as the only time the nation took any interest in mine was when Cromwell tried to knock it down with cannon in 1645. The idea has somehow caught on, hence the latest proposal to allow funding for privately-owned houses from the National Lottery. I suspect that there will be a certain amount of opposition to this proposal, but really no one

should get worked up about it. Houses can already apply for grants from English Heritage, but very few owners bother as the horrendous and normally outweigh the grant. It is highly unlikely that the terms and conditions for National Lottery money are going to be any less rigid than for grant aid, so those who worry about working-class gambling habits being used to finance the idle rich in country houses can relax. Actually, most owners are certainly not rich and few are idle. They and their families have only survived the combined efforts of successive Liberal, Conservative and Labour governments to destroy them by adjusting to the times, shrewd financial planning, a willingness to make sacrifices, and guts — a determination not to let politicians take their inheritance away from them without a fight. Would any of those sitting in

their centrally-heated homes celebrating the demise of the Estcourts survive long in the harsh reality of a large house with insufficient income? Not that the Estcourts are selling a large house — they knocked theirs down in the mid-1960s and retreated to the dower house. All that is left is a glorious park to remind us of a great mansion. The good news is that outline planning permission has been given for a new country house on the site of the old. So perhaps some new family will build and make a valuable addition to the English countryside. The best joke is that the present Earl Lloyd George of Dwyfor — the great-grandson of David Lloyd-George who, as Chancellor, brought in the famed "people's budget" in 1909 and whose hatred of landowners was only matched by his own corruption — has recently joined the Historic Houses Association. The old buzzard David must be spinning in his grave.

arts

Who needs Cannes?

There are more goodies at next month's London Film Festival than you can shake a bag of popcorn at. Derek Malcolm presents his guide to the best of the fest

THE 40th London Film Festival has had a few sticky moments, plagued as it was by the uncertainty created by the sudden withdrawal of Jane Campion's Portrait of A Lady. But it has benefited from extra sponsorship and is thus able to mount a good many more special events than in the past.

It has also found itself an opening film — the American success First Wives Club, the story of a trio of middle-aged women (Goldie Hawn, Bette Midler, Diane Keaton) deserted by their husbands and surveying their future and their wrinkles with a rheumy eye.

The festival ends with Bob Rafelson's thriller Blood And Wine, starring Jack Nicholson. In between come a plethora of films from all over the world; many will never be seen again here, owing to the increasing difficulty of mounting foreign films commercially in Britain. This may be your only chance to see those that haven't yet found UK distributors.

THE quality of the British section is often a matter of luck. Some of the best of the year, like Secrets And Lies, have already been distributed. Others, like Branagh's Hamlet, are not yet ready. But two leading lights of the British cinema are represented — Ken Loach with Carla's Song (November 22, Odeon West End, 3.30pm and 9pm) and Stephen Frears with The Van (November 8, Odeon West End, 1.30am and 6.30pm).

The most controversial may well be Nick Broomfield's Fetishes (November 8, NPT, 4.15pm and 8.45pm), "the film Channel 4 dare not show", an in-your-face look at a New York S&M parlour.

There is also Gillies Mackinnon's Trojan Eddie (November 12, Odeon West End, 1.15pm and 6.15pm), the controversial San Sebastian Festival winner (booed for getting the top prize); Nancy Meckler's Indian Summer (November 17, NPT, 4.15pm), about an HIV-positive dancer; Coky Giedroyc's Stella Does Tricks (November 12, Odeon West End, 1.15pm and 6.15pm), the story of a teenage prostitute in Glasgow; and rock star Chris Rea's La Passione (November 14, Odeon West End, 1.30pm and 6.30pm).

Also to be noted are Andrew Kotting's Gullivant (November 19, NPT, 2pm and 6.15pm), a rare if eccentric British road movie, and Shane Meadows's Small Time (November 8 at 8.30pm and November 10 at 1.15pm, Museum Cinema), a lively thriller made on a tiny budget in the Midlands.

Some of these films will probably end up on TV, but a large number will get cinema releases.

EUROPE The European selection is dominated by large sections for Spanish and French cinema. There are 16 features from Spain (easily a record) and it may sometimes be a case of "Never mind the quality..."

There's a special gala screening for Manuel Gomez Pereira's Mouth To Mouth, described as the best comedy to come out of Spain since Women On The Verge Of A Nervous Breakdown (November 12, Odeon West End, 4pm and 9pm). But even more successful at the Spanish box-office has been Agustin Diaz Yanes's Nobody Will Speak Of Us When We Are Dead (November 14, Odeon West End, 1.15pm and 6.15pm), which won eight Goya awards. It's about a Spanish prostitute (Victoria Abril) working in Mexico who returns home in an attempt to take her life into her own hands.

Other highlights could be Julio Medem's Earth (November 8, Odeon West End, 1pm and 6pm) and Carlos Saura's Taxi (November 16 at 8.45pm and November 18 at 1.15pm, Odeon West End).

Patrice Leconte's Ridicule, an ironic comedy set at the court of Louis XVI, is the French gala (November 14, 9pm and 4pm, Odeon West End). But there is unlikely to be a better prospect than Jacques Audiard's A Self Made Hero, a deserved hit at Cannes, starring La Marseillaise director Mathieu Kassovitz (November 8, Odeon Haymarket, 8.45pm).

Other highlights include Raul Ruiz's Three Lives And Only One Death, with Marcello Mastroianni at his best (November 10 at 8.45pm and November 11 at 3.30pm, Odeon West End); Claude Nuridsany's Microcosmos, a remarkable epic



So good it hurts... clockwise from top, Jack Nicholson in Blood And Wine; 'I'd Rather Not Give My Name' in the documentary Fetishes; and Geoffrey Rush in Shine



Festival top 10

- Shine (Scott Hicks, Australia)
Fetishes (E.A. Dupont, UK)
A Self Made Hero (Jacques Audiard, France)
Deep Crimson (Mexico)
Prisoner Of The Mountains (Sergei Bodrov, Kazakhstan/Russia)
The Promise (Jean-Pierre Luc Dardenne, Belgium)
Chronicle Of A Disappearance (Ela Suleiman, Palestine)
Village Of Dreams (Higashi Yoichi, Japan)
The Splitfire Girl (Lee David Zlotoff, US)
Earth (Julio Medem, Spain)

Guardian interviews

Everyone will want to sit in on David Cronenberg's talk with G. Ballard (November 10, NPT, 8.45pm), and the Japanese will be fighting over tickets for Takeshi Kitano's interview (November 19, NPT, 9pm). Steve Buscemi (Tree Lounge), Terry Gilliam (Stephen Frears (The Van), Harry Belafonte (Kansas City) and Eric Ambler (The Way Ahead) are also being their souls. There will be masterclasses from screenwriters David and Janet Peoples, Robert Altman and one of the greatest cinematographers, Christopher Doyle (Chungking Express, Temptress Moon).

Priority Booking

Guardian readers have a special priority booking service for the 40th London Film Festival from next Thursday (public booking opens on Saturday). Please call the festival hotline on +44 171 420 1122 to receive a free programme or to book tickets.

about a day in the life of a French meadow from an insect's perspective (November 17, Odeon West End, 4pm) and Olivier Assayas's Irma Vep, with Maggie Cheung as Feuillade's vamp (November 19, Odeon West End, 1.15pm and 6.15pm).

The rest of the European fare includes Brigands, Georgian director Guram Ioseliani's often very funny Stalinist parable (November 20, NPT, 3.45pm and 8.45pm); Judith Elk's moving To Speak The Unspeakable, about the Holocaust and with Auschwitz orphan Elie Wiesel (November 13, NPT, 4pm and 8.30pm); and the outstanding epic, Eisenstein Of The Mountains by Sergei Bodrov — the best Russian film of the year by far (November 23, NPT, 5pm).

One of the most popular European entries is likely to be Jan Svěrák's Kolja (Czech Republic), about a misogynist cellist who agrees to a bogus marriage and finds himself having to look after a young boy (November 8, Odeon West End, 3.45pm and 8.45pm). Another fine prospect is Jean-Pierre and Luc Dardenne's The Promise (Belgium), where a 15-year-old helps his father run a 15-woman bordello for immigrants (November 21, NPT, 1.45pm and 6.15pm).

Max von Sydow gives one of his best performances in Jan Troell's Hamsam, the long (160-minute) biography of the famous Norwegian author who inexplicitly sided with the Nazis in the second world war (November 23, NPT, 2pm).

AMERICAN INDEPENDENTS

This large section often contains some of the best films. One of them this year is Mary Harron's I Shot Andy Warhol (November 11, Odeon West End, 9pm) largely about Valerie Solanas (Lili Taylor) of the Society For Cutting Up Men. There is also painter Julian Schnabel's Basquiat, about fellow artist Jean-Michel Basquiat (the excellent Jeffrey Wright), who died young and knew Warhol very well. Warhol is played by David Bowie (November 23, Odeon West End, 1.30pm and 6.30pm).

Other attractions are Lee David Zlotoff's feature debut The Spitfire Grill, with Alison Elliot and Ellen Burstyn (November 13, Odeon West End, 1pm and 6.15pm); David Mamet's stagey American Buffalo, with Dustin Hoffman in the lead (November 17, Odeon West End, 9pm); Todd Solondz's ironic Sundance winner Welcome To The Dollhouse (November 31, Odeon West End, 3.45pm and 8.45pm); Abel Ferrara's Mafia movie The Funeral (November 8, Odeon West End, 4pm and 9pm); the weird lesbian thriller Bound, from the Wachowski brothers (November 15, Odeon West End, 1pm and 6.30pm); and Briton Alex Cox's The Winner, made in Las Vegas (November 15, Odeon West End, 1.15pm and 6.15pm).

WORLD CINEMA

The best of the rest of the world must include Ella Suleiman's Chronicle Of A Disappearance, a Palestinian's journey in search of his identity (November 18, ICA, 4.30pm); David Cronenberg's daring but chilly adaptation of J.G. Ballard's Crash (November 9, Odeon West End, 9pm); Scott Hicks's Shine, the excellent, real-life story of an Australian concert pianist and his breakdown (November 18, Odeon West End, 4pm and 9pm); Robert Lapage's The Polygraph (November 17, Odeon West End, 1.30pm and 6.15pm); and Arturo Ripstein's Deep Crimson, a terrific Mexican version of The Honey-moon Killers (November 21, Odeon West End, 1.15pm and 6.15pm).

From Asia, there's Chen Kaige's disappointing Temptress Moon (November 17, Odeon West End, 6pm), from Hong Kong, Higashi Yoichi's Village Of Dreams, based on artist Tashima Seizo's autobiography (November 11, NPT, 1.45pm and 6.15pm), from Japan: Akio Kojima's powerful Man Of The Story (November 23, NPT, 6.45pm); from India: Kitano Takeshi's Kids Return (November 18, Odeon West End, 3.45pm and 8.45pm); from Japan; and Vietnam's Nostalgia For Countryside (November 17, ICA, 2.45pm).

ARCHIVE RESTORATIONS

An important part of the festival programme, this year this section includes E.A. Dupont's 1929 thriller Piccadilly, one of the first British classics; Carol Reed's The Way Ahead; George Stevens's Giant; and P.W. Murnau's remarkable 1926 work Faust.

SHOOTING STARS



Up... The eyes of the world are on the US, as it stages one of the most dramatic events in the history of the world. It's 1865, and Abraham Lincoln's visit to Our American Cousin at Washington's Ford Theatre is, frankly, not quite as relaxing as he'd planned. A shot rang out... one of several explosive moments as American theatre takes shape.

Up... The early post-war period, and American theatre is enjoying a boom. Williams's Streetcar Named Desire and Miller's Death Of A Salesman dominate Broadway; foot-tappin', thigh-slappin' musicals (Oklahoma!, West Side Story) make loads of money; high-profile off-Broadway productions (Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf?) win acclaim.

Away... The mid-nineties, and American theatre is enjoying a boom. Streetcar Named Desire comes to London's West End in December, and Death Of A Salesman opens next week at the National; ball-breakin', hip-swingin' musicals take it in (Smokey Joe's Café opened last week); high-profile off-West End productions garner plaudits (Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf?). Then there's Sam Shepard, Neil Simon, and... well, you get the picture. It's an invasion.

FALLING TONY SCOTT



Going... The Tyneside lad and brother of Ridley graduates from selling anti-perspirant — as director of commercials — to selling himself, in Hollywood. Both create a stink: Top Gun and Beverly Hills Cop 2 are Tinseltown's two biggest hits in consecutive years in the eighties.

Going... Critical favour proves hard to come by. Tony's Last Boy Scout and Days Of Thunder are, as usual, slick, stylish pap. He directs a Tarantino — True Romance — and even that's no great success. The brothers Scott buy Shepperton studios — but the blundering Hollywood mayhem goes on.

Gone... Wor Tony's latest venture. The Fan, has De Niro as an obsessive knife-maker who stalks Wesley Snipes's baseball star. It's not been a riotous triumph in the United States, and for once even the punters seem to have deserted the Golden Globe. His compatriots can check out the psycho-stalk-fest later this week.

Tobias Chapman went to the Globe theatre — and he'll never sit through a Shakespeare play again

Stand by me

Provocations

THE builders have taken over the stage at the Globe in London. Having opened for a short four-week run, allowing Mark Rylance and his players to test out the stage with The Two Gentlemen Of Verona, the theatre will now be closed until June next year while they complete it and the adjoining Shakespeare centre. It couldn't reopen too soon: it provides one of the best Shakespeare experiences in town. But I was hesitant before my first visit. Half the audience stand up just as they did when Shakespeare was artistic director, so how would I manage to stand for the whole three hours? What if I needed to go to the toilet? My anxiety proved unfounded. I tried it once and went back twice. I never

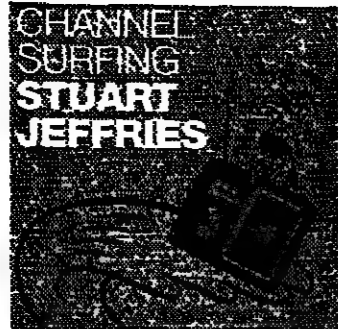
want to sit down for a Shakespeare play again; he wrote them with standing in mind. Michael Billington got only half the experience when he reviewed the first night of Two Gentlemen, for he sat down. He had positioned himself away from the action. Standers occupy the heart of the theatre, right under the noses of the actors, and there is nothing like staring up the nose of a Shakespearean player to get the full truth of a performance: every nuance, gesture and every single breath. Standing kicks. It's a third of the price of sitting, for a start — you get bargain Bard, only £5. Sit-ers get a further £1 on top of the £12-£16 seat price just to hire a cushion. Poor souls. Standers have to take along a flask of coffee, and sandwiches. It's not that you feel peckish in the middle of a soliloquy, but you do feel left out in the

interval if you don't have snacks, as other standers schooled on Shakespeare in the Park unpack their snacks. On arrival we push past the hopefuls queuing for returns, pick up our tickets, then dart around the side to the entrances marked "Groundlings". We enter a giant bear pit, with a concrete floor, softened sparingly with straw, encircled by the Sitter's Galleries. If you're first in, you head straight for the front because the stage is high enough to rest your chin on. At the back, there is a wall for the weak-kneed to lean against, but, invariably, a six-footer positions himself in front of you and obstructs your view. But position doesn't matter so much. If you aren't happy, you can always mingle — though you never want to: once the play starts it has you transfixed. People edge forward until, at the finish, you are all pushed up against the stage. And that is the essence of standing, released from the formality of fixed seats in rows you

are free to draw in by the play. Billington couldn't understand the inclusion of music in Two Gentlemen, with no scenery to shift between acts what is it covering up for? As a Stander you understand, because you feel like you're on the dance floor. You can cheer, boo, scream and even heckle and not feel self-conscious. You can drop orange peel on the floor, get drunk, and, as the evening chill seeps in from the river outside grab your partner for warmth — nothing leaves you more able to feel the emotion induced by the play. The players and builders will be meeting soon to discuss the layout of the theatre and what they have learnt from the short test-run. Financially it was a success, with only four tickets in every hundred left unsold. So the price for standing will hopefully still be £5 when it opens next year with a two-week summer festival. I can't advise you to book now, you can't — they won't have chosen the next play until next month. But I can advise you to wait with baited breath.

Advertisement for Chhatakata at Whiteleys Art Gallery, featuring dates from 29 October to 15 November and contact information.

Vertical advertisement on the right edge of the page, including "Playing the joke", "Comedy of errors", and "Books @ 70".



Playing the joker

THERE were a lot of bruised knees in Bournemouth that night. With legs tied together, teams had to hop up and down a ramp, negotiating damp patches which made them fall over, while carrying a tarpaulin of water which they were to tip into a cylinder. The team who had the most water would go to the next round in Switzerland. In 1979, it was the people who invented games rather than the participants who apparently took the drugs.

The grim-faced St John's Ambulance crew sat huddled in their thermals, not really entering into the spirit of the thing. There was some sort of job creation scheme going on at the overstaffed scoreboard. Arun's four girls and boys had slipped over at least three times, but managed to make it to the cylinder, where, unaccountably, they tipped the water on to the grass. Arun's cheerleaders, four bolsterous bathing beauties (colour-coded shower caps and one-piece bloomers), stopped bouncing for a moment. "Ho, ho, dear me, that is what you call chagrin on the faces of the Arun team," said Stuart Hall.

Nothing could stop Stuart Hall being cheerful. He would have made a lousy war correspondent. He was forever putting his arm round surly Arthur and inquiring after the score with a beam on his face. Unfortunately, the director was in a foul mood. Whenever Hall hymned Bournemouth ("That's the scene in front of the pier in the sun"), we would cut to boys and girls in woolly hats and scarves, or an

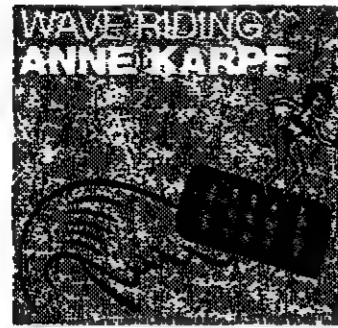
smiling couple, husband in Russian fur hat, wife with anorak hood pulled tight. This was, after all, July. The games rarely made any sense and Hall's explanations only made matters worse. "You've got a guy here who's going to go up a slope with a balloon and he's going to give it to his mate and you've got to go like dynamite." How would they know when to stop?

The best games in *It's A Knockout* (UK Gold) always involved water or foam. Admittedly, there was one where a woman bouncing on a trampoline with a tennis racket had to dodge flying packets of flour, but that looked more like an accident waiting to happen. The crunch game, as far as one could tell, involved PE teachers in school shorts wrestling in foam while carrying footballs and wearing clowns' feet. It was a spectacle to make heterosexual men wish they were gay.

When it was first broadcast between 1968 and 1982, *It's A Knockout* sometimes felt like compulsory fun. But in the first of a series of repeats, it was a glimpse into a less self-conscious world. Its successor is surely *Tractor Pulling* (Eurosport), where the tractors are like lunar modules, their trailers consist mostly of advertising hoardings, hysteria is faced and the object of the game painfully obscure. "Full pull! Full pull!" yelled the commentator at this international contest in Alaska. What could he have meant?

"And now, from Norwich, it's the quiz of the week. It's the Sale Of The Century!" There's nothing like an ancient game show to scratch the itchy itch until it bleeds. Sadly, *Sale Of The Century* wasn't so much UK Gold as UK dropped the baton on the back straight and is still arguing about whose fault it was. Some impostor called Peter Marshall was standing in for Nicholas Parsons.

There were, though, some incidental delights. "Who is Harold Pinter's wife?" "Sylvia Plath." The object here was to win the Citroen AX, resist the temptation to buy the rubbishy kid's go-kart, and go home with a year's supply of tights. Annie from London will be back next week to try for the top prize — a car — which is probably by now a cannibalised wreck in a Hornchurch breakers' yard.



Comedy of errors

"A FAIRY-TALE for Promoters". Ray Weldon calls her new Radio 4 dramatisation of her novel, *The Hearts And Lives Of Men*. I call it wanting to have it both ways — simple and sophisticated, emblematic and witty. The series is set in London's swinging sixties, but are there any new ironies to be squeezed from that decade? We're promised love triumphing over just, good will over evil. In this tale of restorer Helen who meets successful art exhibitor Cliff at an opening, repairing to dinner, bed, and the conceiving of (little) Nell, Weldon's last radio parody fired in all directions, its targets spongy, soft, so this new one assured lamentably.

Yet episode one sparkled, chiefly because of Weldon's own narration — rapid, light and mischievous, which you knew would have been rendered by most actresses into slow, leaden, and judge-nudge. Occasionally the authorial presence was overpowering, and Weldon's constant knowing interjections about the sixties might have become tiresome, were it not for ex-BBC drama director's Shamus MacLaughlin's pacy production, made independently for Radio 4 in the fine ex-BBC Christchurch Studios (the paroxysms of Producer Clivington being a subject for the Weldon wit).

Nevertheless, so far at least, it's hard to tell what its point is, a question often to be asked of today's radio humour. It arose

again during *My Boozie Hell* (Radio 4), the cod autobiography of one Little Johnny Cartilage, member of an ersatz seventies family pop group created for an Anglia region TV series.

Critics, like skating competition judges, don't like to give straight sizes, but the first episode of this was faultless, from its opening moments in which Little Johnny confesses that the bare-breasted woman whom the camera always spotted swaying on some man's shoulders at rock concerts was his mum. Packed with jokes about media clichés, every one a winner, it was a hilarious take on the seventies, and its accomplished writer and star Johnny Mears should have left it at that.

But he didn't, and, despite a frisky final part, no subsequent episode lived up to that glittering debut. The series has attracted most attention for the mock interviews by Sue Lawley, Melvyn Bragg, etc, but this was its least inspired idea: there's something deeply unfunny about personalities parodying themselves, trying to show that they're in on the joke — unflinching proof of the removal of a comic work's subversion glands. Why, Big Johnny, didn't you retire after one round?

Russian Revolution (Classic FM) piles on the hype and awe, never letting us forget that it's bringing us previously unheard treasures from the Russian archives, but in last week's programme on pianist Sviatoslav Richter it was justified: sublime playing was intercut with interesting background material about the Russian way of hot-housing prodigies. But the music programme of the week was Radio 3's *Between The Ears*, which worked its way through Beethoven's Fifth symphony, mixing jazzy, computer-assisted soft rock, with fragments of rehearsal, slivers of music appreciation, and even alternatives which the maestro discarded. But nowhere did Alan Hall's inspired composite sound like sampled trickiness; on the contrary, this was a superb way of showing not only how deeply the symphony had penetrated our every musical idiom, but also making you rethink its constituent ideas. A speedy repeat is warranted — on Radio 1.



Addams family values

While politicians talk of the importance of the family as a force for good, this week's theatre openings beg to differ, says **Michael Billington**

The subversives

POLITICIANS preach the importance of family life: drama subversively exposes the reality. Three classic plays this week by Ibsen, Shaw and Shakespeare all deal, in different ways, with the cracks in the family facade. But, in performance, it is A Doll's House that carries the most emotional voltage. Anthony Page's new production at the Playhouse is the best since Adrian Noble's and, along with Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf, the most searing experience on the London stage.

A Doll's House is everywhere right now: it is also being revived at Birmingham and Salisbury and has just been staged at the Guildhall School in tandem with Elfriede Jelinek's acerbic sequel.

This is partly the strange synchronicity of theatre. It also suggests Ibsen is dealing with a still unresolved dilemma: the tension between individual liberation and marital happiness. Politicians — and it was intriguing to notice Peter Mandelson there on the first night — talk of the nuclear family as if it were the answer to all our social ills. What Ibsen far more ruthlessly reveals is that, without equality partnership and self-realisation, marriage is part of the disease rather than the cure.

Ibsen, however, presents the actress playing Nora with a problem: does she suddenly come to her senses and walk out on husband and family or is her departure implicit from the start? Janet McTeer in Page's production unequivocally takes the latter approach. She presents us audaciously with a Nora who exists in a state of barely controlled hysteria: she is a walking bundle of tics, moans and nervous giggles and is forever taking a quick snifter. This is clearly a woman on the verge of crack-up: thus the ground is psychologically prepared for her final exit. The crunch comes when Torvald, in Frank McGuinness's excellent new version, protests that "No man sacrifices his integrity for the woman he loves", to which McTeer, in a state of explosive outrage, cries, "Thousands of women do!"

Page's explicitly feminist reading leaves Owen Teale playing Torvald, very plausibly as a patronising domestic bear: you feel he and Nora have a marvellous sex-life but no emotional contact (how could they when he constantly calls her Miss Stubborn-Shoes?) But Page, and

McTeer, are also honest enough to show that there is something inordinate about Nora: that she has a built-in death-wish and yearns both for her husband's professional and her own physical suicide. I even began to wonder, for the first time, if Ibsen's real heroine isn't Mrs Linde, neatly played by Gabrielle Lloyd: it is she who sacrifices herself for Nora's sake and finally persuades her friend to confront the truth. But what this tremendous evening proves is that Ibsen is still chillingly relevant to our own society: that as long as marriage is based on a lie, then all the political preaching about a return to family values is no more than a hollow sham.

Shaw, who passionately admired Ibsen, also subverted the myth of family ties: nowhere better than in Mrs Warren's Profession where the

Worlds apart... McLaughlin, De Lucia and Di Meola. **WORLDWIDE**

younger Spanish contingent in the audience made audibly clear. De Lucia is a true original and his is the sound of modern flamenco. While the first half allowed each musician to demonstrate their divergent abilities and begin to weave their distinctive styles together in a series of duets, the second half, playing as a trio, almost reached the heights of their San Francisco debut. But it did so by recalling those earlier collaborations, particularly on Brazilian composer Egberto Gismoli's *Frevo Rasgado* and on McLaughlin's David.

But no matter how jubilant McLaughlin's intent made it seem, there was a sense of needle and contest, and however well they played it was De Lucia — aloof,

Love and hate: Michael Maloney (Hamlet) and Zoe Waites (Ophelia) at Greenwich.

cold-hearted Vivie Warren disowns her brotzel-keeping mother. On an autobiographical level, as Michael Holroyd acutely suggests, this represents Shaw's rejection of his own mother and transformation of himself into a writing machine. On a political level, Shaw also shows that society, not the individual, is to blame for the fact that women are drawn to the prostitution racket by economic necessity.

The play, written in 1894, uses Victorian means to expose Victorian values. My only cavil with Nell Bartlett's intriguing new production at the Lyric Hammersmith is that by updating the action to 1924 (when the play was finally licensed) it subtly undermines the play's aesthetic: even the big climactic mother-daughter scene is Shaw's deliberately ironic inversion of Victorian expectations. But the playing of Maggie Steed as the smokily sensual Mrs Warren, Catherine Cusack as her brusquely dismissive daughter, a Thatcherite *avant la lettre*, and Nell Stacy as the gaily solitary Præd is so good as to make one overlook the redundant updating.

Family values also come in for a beating in *Hamlet* — a play that deals with fratricide, patricide, implied incest and that shows a father, Polonius, setting spies on his own son and using his daughter as sexual bait. But the chief interest in Philip Frank's perfectly decent, modern dress revival at Greenwich Theatre lies less in the excavation of family relationships than in the reminder that Denmark starts on a war-footing (all military greatcoats and the sound of distant troop trains) and in Michael Maloney's exciting Hamlet.

Maloney, the RSC's most recent Hal, combines intellectual incisiveness with blazing passion. This is not your pale, wan, moody Prince but a man so confounded by the sweetly hasty Elsinore life that he just never seems to get round to killing Claudius; reason is also countered by uncontrolled fury as in the scene with Ophelia (the promising Zoe Waites), ingeniously staged in a chapel where he hurls the holy water and the wafers straight in her face. Maloney confirms Freud's point that Hamlet is a normal man rendered neurotic by the peculiar nature of the task he faces. Like A Doll's House, *Hamlet* is also a play that now writes current productions in Manchester and Norwich (a Glover family affair) and Stratford next year. It is partly of course, the eternal mystery of the Prince. But maybe our Elsinore fixation confirms our suspicion that family life is a nest of intrigue and that the worst role-models of all are those that are most royal.



Why are these three men sitting so far apart? Could it be because they hate each other, asks **Adrian Searle**

Strum und drang

The three amigos

PLAYING in London for the first time for 15 years, the acoustic trio of John McLaughlin, Al Di Meola and Paco de Lucia packed the Royal Festival Hall on the one-off British stop of their current sell-out world tour. Their Friday Night in San Francisco album, recorded live in 1980, is a seminal acoustic guitar fusion album mixing De Lucia's revolutionary modern flamenco with McLaughlin and Di Meola's jazz-rock and blues crossovers. When they made a steely spiralling, hectic web of sound, but the 16 years

since they first played together has hardly pushed them into new territory. Instead, the band go bland as their two subsequent recordings, in 1983 and this year, have demonstrated. As players they are anything but old-lags. Though the concert had its first half lapses as the three came on individually to demonstrate, somewhat academically their very different approaches, Di Meola, who, like McLaughlin, has a propensity for drifting into New Age, synthesizer-assisted noodling, instead played a fabulous, funny and exhilarating piece in which runs and melodies turned into cliffhangers, rescued at the last sec-

ond like the silent movie starlet tied to the railway tracks. McLaughlin's solos brought out the worst in him, playing against some ill-advised contrabass to demonstrate the guitarist like a dentist's trolley creating a mauling sub-orchestral backdrop which allowed McLaughlin to busk away on top, sometimes processing his guitar sound to make it sound like thinking bells. This was proficient, if inconsequential. Some blues playing crept in, but it was as if McLaughlin was trying to remind us of his roots. It promised to be an indulgent, flashy, boring affair until Paco de Lucia came on. He took centre place and is clearly the star, as the

Dave Simpson takes some Anadin with The Chemical Brothers
The chemistry set

The sensation

CALLING yourselves The Chemical Brothers is asking for trouble and, inevitably, it follows. Walking towards the Manchester Academy, a hooded stranger repeated a haunting mantra. "Es, whizz, trips..." A travel agent, perchance? Inside, three people asked us for Ecstasy within a minute of arrival. One cropped, white jacketed lad went even further. "Got any Ecstasy? Nah? Do you want some?" Dotted around the Academy bar were at least five separate drug conversations. At last we found a friendly soul. "Oh, you missed the real action," he stated. "It just went off in the bar. About five security men leapt in. Crazy, it was." Crazy. All of this posed two questions (a) were all the 250,000 people who took the Bros' Setting Sun to number one off their heads on strange chemicals? And (b) if not, is it possible to enjoy this music without chemical assistance?

The colourful main hall contained several normal people. We could tell they were normal because their eyes didn't meet ours in strange communion and they didn't wave their arms about as if trying to land a plane. Why, there was even a smattering of rockers. "Why am I here?" pondered one middle-aged gentleman. "I'm starting to wonder. But I liked the single. You know, the Beatles one."

Ah, The Brothers' collaboration with Noel Gallagher cemented their reputation as a dance band it's okay for rockers to like but is also symptomatic of a wider tendency in dance music. Everybody's rocking out. The next Prodigy single sounds more like Nine Inch Nails than Derrick May and tonight's opening act, Lionrock, incorporated several rock elements including, possibly, Johnny Marr's old guitar. But nobody cared whether it was rock or dance because Lionrock were roaringly good.

Everyone was sweating, waiting for The Chemical Brothers to come on. Or was that just the chemicals to come on? In the loos, a particularly garrulous soul kindly offered us a share in his evening. "I've had two Es and a couple of lines. The buzz man... The Chemicals. Awesome. Awesome. We didn't have the heart to tell him that with his head against the water pipes he looked like he was melting.

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Racing

Chris Hawkins weighs up the chances of the European challengers in tonight's Breeders' Cup in Toronto

Swain may spoil the Diplomatic dance

IF Diplomatic Jet wins tonight's Breeders' Cup Turf, Fred Hooper, his 99-year-old owner, has threatened to do the Macarena, the current dance craze in Canada, in front of the grandstand at Woodbine Park.

Hooper, a multi-millionaire who made his fortune building roads in the southern United States in the '30s, has the Midas touch - he won the Kentucky Derby with his very first horse, Hoop Jr, in 1935 - and was assuring everyone at the Breeders' Cup party on Thursday night that he has his dancing shoes ready.

Diplomatic Jet, trained by Jim Picot, is in almost as good form as his owner. He has won his last two races, the Turf Classic at Belmont Park and the Man O'War Stakes, but the Turf must surely represent Europe's best chance of bringing something home.

With seven of the 14 runners, the European challenge is strong, while the inclusion of the freakish Ricks Natural Star suggests the home defence is not all it might be.

Many cynics expected Ricks Natural Star, who has won only \$528 in his career and has not run over a year, to be thrown out by the Woodbine vet, but he is in the field.

Bill Livingston, the man who reckons he has a cure for almost all equine and human ailments, believes he has worked a miracle with this former cripple, but the colt must be a good bet to finish last - and by some way.

Singspiel, whom Michael Stoute sent over to Toronto to win the Woodbine International last month, heads the British challenge, along with his stable companion Pilsudski, runner-up in the Arc.

It is rare for a foreign horse to come into one of these races as a course and distance winner, and Singpiel scored an emphatic two-lengths victory over Chief Bearhart, who re-appears again, over the Woodbine mile and a half four weeks ago.

Pilsudski is a much bigger, stronger colt. He had Swain and Luna Wells - the two French challengers here - behind him in the Arc and has gone from strength to strength this season, having been regarded at one time as no more than a decent handicapper.

Dushyantor, Wall Street and Shantou are the three British three-year-olds in the race. Dushyantor powered up the straight here in front of me a few minutes ago and over this shorter trip is expected to reverse his St Leger defeat by Shantou.

Wall Street is by no means out of it if the sun continues to shine, as he was beaten only a length by Singpiel in Goodwood's Select Stakes over 10 furlongs. He won the Cumberland Lodge Stakes at Ascot over a mile and a half on his next attempt, but his stamina is not guaranteed if the ground were to ride soft.

This would not bother Swain, fourth in the Arc after failing to get close enough from a wide draw to challenge Hellios.

Luna Wells, his stable companion, was sweating freely at exercise on Wednesday and some believe she may have gone over the top, although not apparently Thierry Jaret, who has chosen to ride her rather than Swain.

Frankie Dettori, the champion jockey-along in France, will be on Swain and this hardly detracts from the chance of this colt, who looks a sensible way of tackling this race if backed each-way.

Most British attention this week has centred on Mark Of Esteem in the Mile. The Godolphin people firmly believe he is better than ever, but he is not too well drawn at 11 in a field of 14.

Frankie Dettori will need to use some of his mount's speed to get across and lie close to the lead - the way the horse likes to be ridden - but a run of three and a half furlongs to the bend will help him.

Fast ground suits a horse like Mark Of Esteem's acceleration, but he will not be bouncing off this turf which, although dry, has taken plenty of rain this week.

Spinning World, trained by Jonathan Pease, is very good when there is cut in the ground, and although apparently held by Mark Of Esteem on Queen Elizabeth II form on a line through Ashkanani, is strongly fancied.

Maybe this will be the opportunity for his colt, Cash Assmusen, to confound his growing band of critics.

The top jockey in the States this season is Jerry Bailey, who rates the three-year-old Will's Way the main danger to Cigar in the Breeders' Cup Classic.

Bailey blames himself for the shock beating of Cigar by Dare And Go at Del Mar - the race which brought to an end his sequence of 16 successive victories - and is fairly confident of reversing that form now.

However, Dare And Go is a particularly impressive physical specimen and does not look to have deteriorated in the last couple of months.

Hill's have cut kitalmal from 14:1 to 8:1 in a shared insular £2,000 on the States in the Sprint. Ed Dunlop's chestnut bred well and seemed to handle the dirt well on Thursday morning, but it is expecting a great deal of him to beat the American sprinters in their own back yard. Capote Belle is the local tip.

Frankie Dettori, the champion jockey-along in France, will be on Swain and this hardly detracts from the chance of this colt, who looks a sensible way of tackling this race if backed each-way.

Most British attention this week has centred on Mark Of Esteem in the Mile. The Godolphin people firmly believe he is better than ever, but he is not too well drawn at 11 in a field of 14.

Frankie Dettori will need to use some of his mount's speed to get across and lie close to the lead - the way the horse likes to be ridden - but a run of three and a half furlongs to the bend will help him.

Fast ground suits a horse like Mark Of Esteem's acceleration, but he will not be bouncing off this turf which, although dry, has taken plenty of rain this week.

Spinning World, trained by Jonathan Pease, is very good when there is cut in the ground, and although apparently held by Mark Of Esteem on Queen Elizabeth II form on a line through Ashkanani, is strongly fancied.

Maybe this will be the opportunity for his colt, Cash Assmusen, to confound his growing band of critics.

The top jockey in the States this season is Jerry Bailey, who rates the three-year-old Will's Way the main danger to Cigar in the Breeders' Cup Classic.

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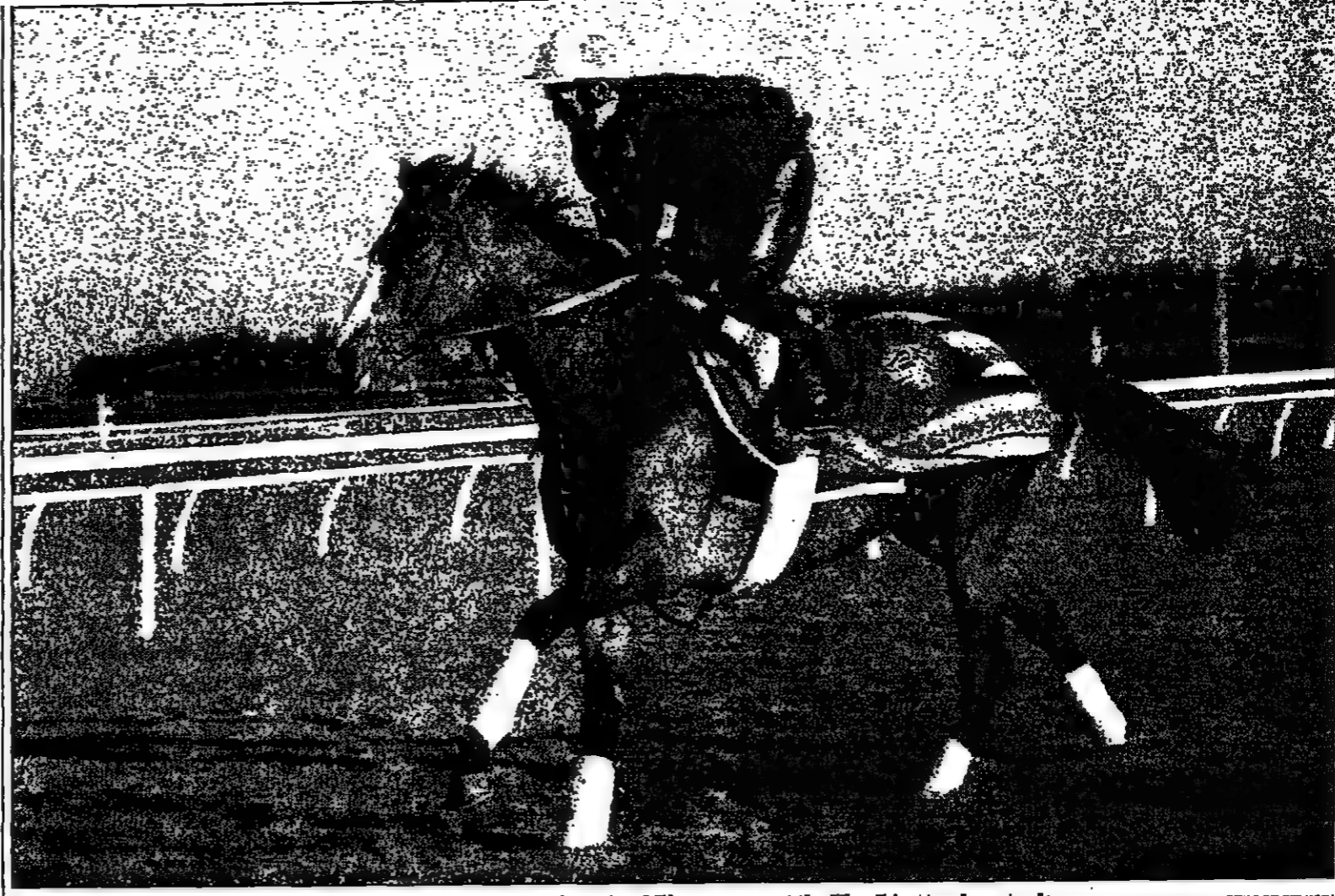
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On course... Mark Of Esteem, Britain's big hope in the Breeders' Cup Mile, times up at the Woodbine track yesterday

Solo Mio encore for Bosra Sham's owner

Asas or Medally in this afternoon's Racing Post Trophy would swing it in Suror's way, while Cecil attempts to hold the Godolphin team at bay with Besiege.

For a change, these two powerful stables could be fighting out the minor honours. Mr Said can take the lion's share with Solo Mio, whose trainer, Barry Hills, could hardly be in better form with a dozen winners in the past fortnight.

They include in Command and the Dewhurst Stakes, and while Solo Mio has yet to win a race, Hills would not be running him in Group One company unless he felt the colt was ready for the step up in class.

Solo Mio certainly found a chunk of improvement on his second start, staying on well to finish a close second to King Sound at Newbury. The winner has since finished third to Revogue in the Grand Criterium at Longchamp.

Given the excellent form of the Hills horses at present, Solo Mio is likely to progress again. He looks good value at 16-1.

Victory for the well-backed Solo Mio would be a significant achievement for his owner, Sheikh Mohammed bin Rashid Al Maktoum, and his trainer, Barry Hills.

The horse's performance in the Racing Post Trophy would be a major test of his ability to compete at the highest level of the sport.

Barry Hills, who has trained Solo Mio since he was a yearling, is confident that the colt has the potential to become a champion.

The success of Solo Mio would be a major boost for the Godolphin stable, which has produced many of the world's leading racehorses.

Sheikh Mohammed bin Rashid Al Maktoum, who has invested heavily in the horse racing industry, is looking for continued success in the sport.

Dettori confident Mark Of Esteem can topple the locals in the Mile

FRANKIE DETTORI knows a huge burden of expectation rests on his shoulders in tonight's Breeders' Cup at Woodbine, particularly in the Mile with Mark Of Esteem, brilliant winner of the Queen Elizabeth II Stakes.

Dettori piloted Barathos to a mile victory two years ago, but a winner of Europe's mile championship has never won the race. Nevertheless, Dettori and his Godolphin teammates are feeling positive.

Concater runners and riders with TV form

Table with columns for race number, horse name, jockey, and TV form. Includes races 1-40 and 41-80.

Newbury with form for the televised events

Table with columns for race number, horse name, jockey, and TV form. Includes races 1-40 and 41-80.

BBC-1

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Breeders' Cup fields

Large table listing race details for the Breeders' Cup, including race number, horse name, jockey, and TV form. Includes races 1-40 and 41-80.

Sky Sports 2

Table listing race details for Sky Sports 2, including race number, horse name, jockey, and TV form. Includes races 1-40 and 41-80.

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Large vertical advertisement on the right side of the page, featuring the text 'The Guardian Rugby League Second Test: Lions for th' and a large image of a person's face.

Rugby League

Second Test: New Zealand 18, Great Britain 15

Lions left to fight for their pride

Andy Wilson in Palmerston North

Great Britain lost the series with this second defeat here yesterday but, if the margin was narrower than in the 17-12 first Test reverse in Auckland a week previously, this time the Lions could have no complaints. It was New Zealand's first series victory over GB since 1984. They scored three tries in the first half and both taken. The Lions, led superbly by Andy Farrell, lacked nothing in commitment but created only two real chances, both in the first half and both taken. But New Zealand looked dangerous every time they had the ball, particularly through their half-backs Stacey Jones and Gene Ngamu, the centres Ruben Wiki and John Tumu and the towering second-row Stephen Lonsdale. It was Kearney who unlocked the Lions' defence with a pass for Wiki's second try early in the second half that brought New Zealand within a point of Great Britain. The Auckland Warriors sent Jones racing upfield to set up the decisive score with 18 minutes remaining. Jones was prevented from

grounding the ball by the Lions full-back Stuart Spruce, but from the resulting scrum Ngamu ran across the defence, dummied and created a clear run to the line. Matthew Ridge, who missed the conversion to Wiki's second try, allowing the Lions to stay 13-12 ahead, made a second try from near the touch-line and, although the Lions showed caution to the wind and Goulding landed a penalty, New Zealand remained the more likely scorers. The Lions coach Phil Larwood refused to use the farcical events of the past week as an excuse, with 11 players ordered home by the RFL chief executive Maurice Lindsay as a cost-cutting measure, insisting that it had not affected the performance of his team. Both tries came from inside the New Zealand half. After 26 minutes Farrell and Denis Betts created the space for Alan Hunte to score the game's first try, as he had in Auckland. The similarities continued as Betts crashed over for the second after some excellent handling. This time New Zealand did manage a quick reply after Hunte had lost the ball near his own line in a tackle by Tyrone Smith. Tumu stepping inside Powell to set up the first for Wiki. But with Goulding converting both

tries and dropping a goal, the Lions led 13-8 at the break. New Zealand's coach Frank Briscoe felt that his side would already have been well ahead if their handling had been better. That must be Larwood's major worry before Friday's third Test in Christchurch, when the home side will aim to avenge their 3-0 whitewash in England in 1993 and the Lions must win to avoid being the least successful of British sides to tour New Zealand.

NEW ZEALAND (Auckland Warriors unless stated): Coach: Frank Briscoe; Captain: Stephen Lonsdale; Prop: Steve Molyneux; Hooker: John Tumu; Scrum-half: Alan Hunte; Fly-half: Tyrone Smith; Full-back: Stuart Spruce; Centre: Gene Ngamu; Wing: Stacey Jones; Second-row: Stephen Lonsdale; Third-row: John Tumu; Fourth-row: Alan Hunte; Loosehead: Tyrone Smith; Tailback: Stuart Spruce.



Losing battle... Steve Molyneux is held up in yesterday's narrow defeat, which gave New Zealand the series. VICTORIA MATTHEWS

Sport in brief

Boxing

Lennox Lewis's attempt to regain the WBC heavyweight title looks set to go into the courtroom instead of the ring. His promoter, Panoz Elades, has refused to agree to a delay to the Briton's fight against Oliver McCall, scheduled for December 7, and has filed papers in a New Jersey court alleging delaying tactics by the WBC in shifting the fight to January 26.

Ice Hockey

The Superleague's disciplinary panel yesterday imposed fines totalling £2,000 on four players involved in a violent incident during the Nottingham v Cardiff game on October 15. Cardiff's Dan Fiddler, Cardiff's Marty Yewchuck, fined £1,000, has also been suspended for nine games. Nottingham's Jeff Hoard must pay £500 and serve a nine-game ban while Mike Ware (Cardiff) and Darryl Olsen (Nottingham) have been fined £250 and with the Nottingham player-coach Mike Blissall warned as to his future conduct.

Tennis

Pete Sampras beat Andre Agassi 6-4, 6-1 in less than an hour yesterday to reach the semi-finals of the Eurocard Open in Stuttgart where today he will meet the Dutchman Jan Siemerink, who beat Goran Ivanisevic 6-3, 7-5 in the quarter-finals.

Sporting Awards

The former Test cricket umpire Harold "Dickie" Bird has been named Yorkshire Man of the Year by the county's awards committee.

Motor Sport

Britain's Richard Burns was edged into second place by the Finn Ari Vatanen in the Hong Kong-Berling Rally. Only 35 seconds separated their Mitsubishi after 2,356 miles.

Cricket

David Houghton and Alistair Campbell, past and present captains, led a Zimbabwe fight-back with an unbroken century stand in the second and final Test against Pakistan in Faisalabad yesterday. Zimbabwe, 134 behind on first innings, were 23 for three in the second innings before Houghton (74) and Campbell (51) took them to 136 for three by the close.

Snooker

John Parrott yesterday reached this afternoon's semi-finals of the grand prix in Bournemouth with a 5-3 win over James Wattana, writes CIVA Everton. The crucial sixth frame, resolved with a snooker pot, saw Parrott clear, put him 4-2 up and two frames later he clinched victory with his highest break of the day, 88.

BT Global Challenge

Whale-watch on the final fling off Copacabana

The spinnaker flying under a full moon and the trade winds swinging round behind us, the night watch is concentrating on the final charge towards Rio. Darkness is a good time to make gains and we may yet overhaul some of the nine yachts ahead before the finishing line. Look out for whales and keep it fast," calls skipper Richard Tudor, referring to reports from other yachts and the close interest in the fleet's arrival off the coast of Brazil. The potential danger in sailing into several tons of marine wildlife at 10 knots is serious and the skipper, as taken with those beautiful mammals as he is with racing, wants no damage to either party. We hear that Group 4 has

already crossed the finishing line with Toshiba the most likely to finish second and third. After that, as his still anyone's guess. Nuclear Electric is lying tenth at the tail end of a bunch of yachts fighting it out in close order for the mid-table positions. If winds nearer the coast go light, then by staying offshore we may yet spring an overtaking manoeuvre. The calm which lurk off Rio's Copacabana Beach could prove the final joker in the pack. Even so we are disappointed not to be nearer the front. Nuclear Electric began the race as both the defending champion and the bookies' favourite. Imposing a heavy burden of expectation. Our rivals are surprised and our families at home concerned at our lowly

position. We cannot blame equipment problems. We did blow out a spinnaker but so have others. Part of the kicker has shattered but the strains of four weeks' non-stop racing must be telling on us. The explanation is straightforward: we simply went the wrong way. The fateful decision was made as the fleet rounded Berenga Island off the Portuguese coast a fortnight ago. Reckoned for 24 hours near the Cape Verde Islands, we then fell into another windless hole in the doldrums. Those who went westward kept moving. There have been compensations. I struggle for words to describe the beauty of a doldrums' dawn and we celebrated crossing the equator in traditional fashion, with sail-

ors who have not previously crossed the line called before the court of King Neptune. Quality of all things, the pleasure is to be found in a still brew of custard, brown sauce, carrots, cabbages and onion; as I kneel to receive my punishment, the mess on deck reminds me uncomfortably of a first day at sea. Now Rio beckons: cold beers, clean clothes and the chance to use a toilet which is not at an angle of 20 degrees to the vertical. We have run out of dehydrated main meals and Simon Wardle, the only serious smoker on board, has consumed his supply of 300 cigarettes and the yacht's entire stock of 60 cigars. We look forward even to a simple stroll; the farthest any of us has walked for a month is

precisely 67 feet. At Rio we say goodbye to four of our crew. Three are "leppers" while another has decided to withdraw for personal reasons. Fresh faces will bring a change of company. Meanwhile the race organisers have a serious issue to resolve. An urgent investigation has been launched, after complaints from at least five

yachts, about leaks in the four-weather gear issued to the crews. So far oilbilts have rarely been worn out, for the next leg they will be crucial to our survival. In less than four weeks' time we set out on one of the toughest tests any yachtsman can imagine: 6,000 miles round Cape Horn to New Zealand, by way of the Southern Ocean.

Group 4 safe and sound in Rio

MIKE GOLDING and the crew of Group 4 crossed the finishing line at midday local time yesterday, taking 23 days 3hr 47min 15sec to complete the 5,000 miles from Southampton, writes Bob Fisher.

They were 12 miles ahead of Toshiba Wave Warrior and 60 miles in front of the rest of the fleet. The next six boats were almost becalmed, with the following five, led by Nuclear Electric, still to reach the windless zone.

Carlisle (N.H.)

Table of horse racing results for Carlisle (N.H.), including race numbers, names, and winners.

Market Rasen (N.H.)

Table of horse racing results for Market Rasen (N.H.), including race numbers, names, and winners.

Worcester (N.H.)

Table of horse racing results for Worcester (N.H.), including race numbers, names, and winners.

Results

Table of horse racing results for various tracks including Doncaster, Fakenham, and Hind, including race numbers, names, and winners.

Blinkered first time today: DONCASTER 1.40 Spanish's Mount; 2.10 Haido Hart; NEWBURY 2.00 Bint Baladee; 3.30 A Breeze; 4.30 Blue Movie. WORCESTER 2.05 Alpine Mist.

Soccer

David Lacey on the mission impossible that faced the man who inherited Blackburn Rovers as champions from Kenny Dalglish

Harford on a hiding to nothing

MOST football managers will tell you that taking over a winning team can be as thankless a task as inheriting a losing one. Ray Harford had no chance. He was put in charge of the Premier League champions.

As Kenny Dalglish's assistant Harford contributed an enormous amount to the return of the championship to Ewood Park after an interval of 81 years. When in June last year Dalglish decided to step down as manager and become director of football there were those who saw Harford's promotion as a natural progression.

It was obvious almost immediately that the momentum which carried Blackburn to the Premier League title had disappeared with the new 1995-96 season. Rovers took only four points from their opening seven league fixtures and a 1-0 home defeat by Spartak Moscow exposed a lack of readiness for Champions League football which became increasingly apparent as the competition wore on.

Harford's days were numbered from the moment he accepted the job. It was obvious almost immediately that the momentum which carried Blackburn to the Premier League title had disappeared with the new 1995-96 season. Rovers took only four points from their opening seven league fixtures and a 1-0 home defeat by Spartak Moscow exposed a lack of readiness for Champions League football which became increasingly apparent as the competition wore on.

Harford might as well have given notice then. His fundamental mistake as Blackburn manager was that he left it too late to start turning the team around. By the time he had signed the likes of Holmes, Bohinen, Fenton, Coleman and McKinlay, the threat of success had been lost.

Then again, Blackburn's rise under Dalglish was so sudden that the championship had been won almost before anyone had properly taken in what was happening, and under Harford they were in and out of the Champions League in almost less time than it takes to say Rosenborg Trondheim.



Harford... no chance

Walker's money, Dalglish's name and experience, Harford's pragmatism and Shearer's goals proved to be the perfect combination in bringing success to what had become a footballing backwater. A solid team ethic did the rest.

George's slip 'twixt cup and lip

Soccer Diary

Martin Thorpe

GEORGE GRAHAM'S return to Highbury today will rekindle memories of his ups and downs at Arsenal: the success, the trophies, the sacking and perhaps even the alcohol problems of Merson and Adams.

He may even remember receiving a letter in October 1992 from AAF Consultants, a project providing "confidential preventative programmes for individuals and companies worried about alcoholism".

Rejecting the offer, Graham's return letter said: "I can assure you that our players are well aware of the pitfalls of alcohol in excess." Ah, hindsight.

BARRY VENISON sports some of the oldest hairstyles in football. First, then, that his Captain's Page in the Southampton programme is sponsored by the Salisbury branch of Toni and Guy hairdressers.

TWO years ago Sunderland's chairman Bob Murray ran the idea up a 30ft flagpole in his country garden: flying the Union Flag. But neighbours grew angry, then really saw red when Murray hoisted Sunderland's colours for last season's promotion.

FENERBACH's two Nigerians Uche Okochukwa and Augustine "Jay Jay" Okocha are planning to become Turkish citizens and change their names. Commentators need not sigh with relief. The players will become Abdulkemir Rahim Uche and Muhammed Yavuz Okocha.

ONE measure of Chelsea fans' affection for Matthew Harding can be seen in the Stamford Bridge carpark. There, among the wall of scarves and mementos paying tribute to the late vice-chairman, sits a special gift from one supporter - four cans of Guinness. Harding's favourite tipple. And still favoured.

GLENN Hetherington, a Whitley Bay welder, was a agony watching Newcastle's clash with Manchester United last Sunday; not because he is a Red but because he always has a bet on Newcastle winning 5-0 with Peacock scoring the first.

NEWCASTLE? A soccer hotbed? Around 300 Tyneside shipyard workers staged a lightning strike last week in support of nine colleagues disciplined for cutting short a shift on Sunday. They left early to see the Newcastle v Manchester United game.

SO, on Sunday's evidence, what do Peter Schmeichel and Michael Jackson have in common? They both wear gloves for no apparent reason.

Mr Arsenal is braced to re-enter the marble halls

George Graham returns to Highbury for the first time since being sacked over the 'bung' scandal. Michael Walker reports

GEORGE GRAHAM means different things to different people. To many he is the great motivator, a man whose accumulation of silverware at Highbury puts him "up there" with the great managers. To Leeds United's fans, desperate for a resurrection, Graham is the potential saviour.

Arsenal regrets that his return to the marble halls is as the manager of another club, he is not saying so. "Memories are private" is his view. "I don't like to bore people with mine. Far from it: many people, including the FA inquiry team investigating the 'bung' scandal, would like Graham to open up about the recent past.

Its exclusivity. Graham still has a problem with his former employers: he describes being shown the door by them as his "worst moment"; he is unsure as to whether he will enter the boardroom today.

George Graham Arsenal will give Leeds the leeway to improve this afternoon. "Yeah, they've got that horrible habit of not conceding goals. After I was getting told to get rid of some of those defenders, three years later they're still there at the top of the league with the same defence."

But the inescapable fact remains that outside Leeds and a short corner of north London, Graham is regarded as the man who let football down.

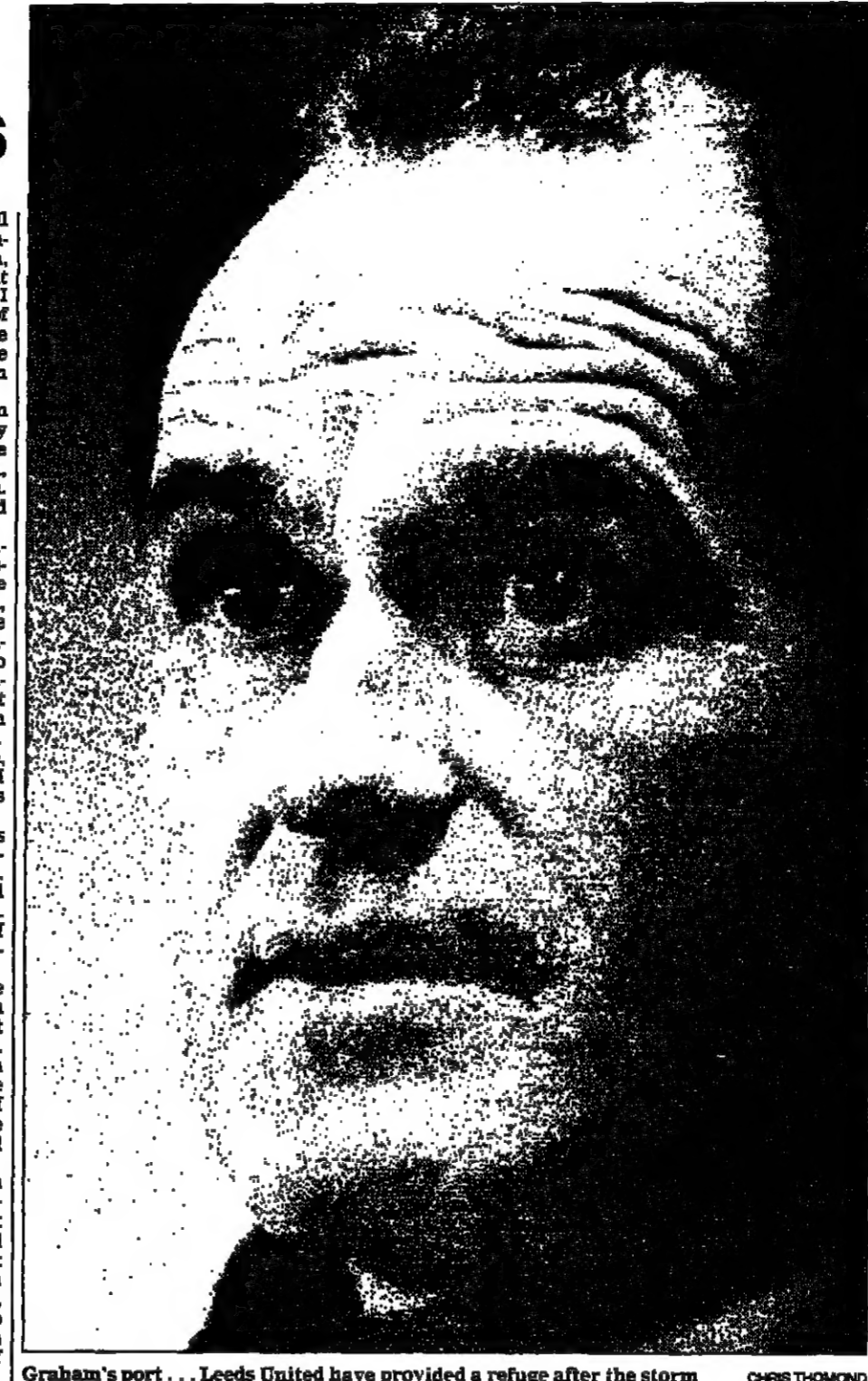
It does not seem likely. Privately Graham could be obsessive about the circumstances surrounding his dismissal 20 months ago but one would not know it.

After eight games at Leeds Graham realises that a similar lift-off is required there. He has money but says he will not buy for the winter. "We need new playing staff. I don't think there's any question about that."

"I anticipate a great reception, both on the terraces and from the employees within the club"

He is surprised with the numbers of the first-team squad, it's very low and that has been the greatest surprise. They have got a good youth policy here but some of the youngsters are still a way off the first team even though I've had to play them. But I will not be panic buying at Leeds.

More than most Graham knows the pitfalls and intricacies of buying and selling. It has cost him his job once and a lot of public criticism but what will come to be known as his wilderness period has, he says, not changed him too much. "I've always been a friendly, mellow type of person."



Graham's port... Leeds United have provided a refuge after the storm

Everton chase Sinclair and Barmby with £10m

EVERTON yesterday launched a £10 million double bid for Trevor Sinclair of Middlesbrough and Nick Barmby of Middlesbrough's England international, whose availability is also expected to attract a bid from Leeds, writes Ian Ross.

Everton's manager Joe Royle contacted his counterpart Bryan Robson within minutes of Middlesbrough's announcement that the player, valued at around £5.5 million, was being released. Everton have also told QPR that they are willing to meet a

provisional asking price of £5 million for Sinclair. Middlesbrough, meanwhile, have also put their England Under-21 goal-keeper Alan Miller on the transfer list. And Robson is releasing the striker Jan-Aage Fjortoft and the midfielder Craig Hignett.

He is surprised with the numbers of the first-team squad, it's very low and that has been the greatest surprise. They have got a good youth policy here but some of the youngsters are still a way off the first team even though I've had to play them. But I will not be panic buying at Leeds.

Scottish preview

Gough moves for the future

Patrick Glenn

RICHARD GOUGH will leave Rangers at the end of the season and probably spend the twilight of his career in an emerging football country, possibly Japan where he could link up with his old Spurs team-mate Ossie Ardiles who is coaching there.

to be changing quite a few things and people have to realise that I will be 35 in May. Some people were calling me a two or three years ago but I always felt I would know when it was right to go.

Chelsea will mourn, then set their minds on Spurs

Martin Thorpe

HAVING grieved all week in their individual ways, Chelsea's supporters and staff will mourn as they bid farewell to their vice-chairman Matthew Harding.

Harding's widow Ruth is expected to be there with the couple's four Chelsea-stung children and the stadium's North Stand, built with £5 million of Harding's money and renamed the Matthew Harding Stand, will carry a name-plate made after round-the-clock work.

Jones recalled to beef up Wales for Holland return

THE Wales manager Bobby Gould has admitted that his midfield needs beefing up by recalling the Wimbledon captain Vinnie Jones to the squad for the World Cup qualifier against Holland in Eindhoven on November 9, writes Martin Thorpe.

Last month's 3-1 home defeat by the Dutch exposed a Welsh propensity to give the score line away, so Jones, who last played for Wales in April, is almost certain to start. "We're going into a cauldron and we will need experienced players," said Gould.

A N Other

ENGLISH football has seen few more durable defenders than this product of a ceramic environment. It was said he had broken more bones than any of his contemporaries. Most of them were his own. Always a good citizen, he appeared for just two clubs and spent the bulk of his career against a Victorian background before his playing days reached a stamboolic conclusion.

Table with 2 columns: Team, Opponent, Date, Venue. Includes Arsenal v Leeds United, Chelsea v Tottenham, Coventry v Sheffield Wed, Leicester v Newcastle.

Table with 2 columns: Team, Opponent, Date, Venue. Includes Everton v Tottenham, Manchester City v Ipswich, Manchester United v Blackburn, Liverpool v Derby County.

Table with 2 columns: Team, Opponent, Date, Venue. Includes Tottenham v Arsenal, Wimbledon v Middlesbrough, Blackburn v West Ham, Newcastle v Liverpool.

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Performance of the week: Hugo Porfiro (West Ham United), a Portuguese treat against Nottingham Forest in the Coca-Cola Cup.

1996-7 Season PREMIERSHIP FOOTBALL Tickets available for various clubs BOOK TICKETS NOW 0171 413 3355

Leicester v Newcastle The midfielders Muzzy (back) and Scott Taylor (sweeper) are Leicester's main

West Ham v Blackburn West Ham are free from injury worries as they snare their first home victory in target days that means the Romanian international Florin Radolescu must be content with a place on the bench. Tony Parvies begins his third spell as caretaker manager of Blackburn without the striker Chris Sutton (chick infection). But the full-back Graeme Le Saux will travel after almost 10 months on the sidelines, and Graham Fenton and Stuart Ripley are fit again.

Performance of the week: Hugo Porfiro (West Ham United), a Portuguese treat against Nottingham Forest in the Coca-Cola Cup.

Vertical advertisements on the right edge of the page, including 'Curry with...', 'Tour ca drugs G', and 'Weekend fixtures'.

The Guardian Sport



Down and out under Rugby League Lions lose Test and series
21



George is coming home Arsenal plan a warm reception
22

Howard Kendall, a former Ewood Park favourite, could be heading back to Rovers

Ian Ross reports on the going and possible coming at Blackburn Rovers



Last exit... Ray Harford announces his resignation as manager at Blackburn's training ground yesterday

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN WILLIAMS

Harford goes with grace

ENGLISH football's great trouble-shooter Howard Kendall may well make a sentimental return to Blackburn Rovers after the Lancashire club yesterday parted with their manager Ray Harford.

which is also believed to include the former England coach Terry Venables, Bruce Rioch, the former Arsenal manager who is now assistant to Stewart Houston at Queens Park Rangers, and the former Leeds United manager Howard Wilkinson.

Harford conceded yesterday that succeeding Dalglish may have been to accept a poisoned chalice. "Taking over from Kenny was probably a mistake in terms of my career," he said. "But how could I turn down one of the biggest clubs in Britain, one that had qualified for the European Cup."

"I have no criticism of the players but they have been playing with anxiety and with a lack of confidence. I have always tried to put the club first and maybe a change at the top will help," he added.

Kendall began his managerial career at Blackburn in 1979, as a player manager, before leaving two years later to join Everton, where he built a reputation as one of the most successful managers of his generation.

It is believed that Kendall has a clause in his contract at Sheffield, where he took over the First Division club last December, which permits him to hold negotiations with any Premiership club willing to meet a pre-set compensation figure.



Kendall... trouble-shooter

The vacuum left by a single fan



David Lacey

THE DEATH of Matthew Harding, Chelsea's vice-chairman and principal benefactor, in Tuesday's helicopter crash is a brutal reminder of how fragile the benefits of a superfan can be. Chelsea are by no means the only club for whom the race between pursuit of the big time and merely marking time has been the involvement of one person.

Bridge appeared to be assured in perpetuity. Even now they have until December 2012 to buy the freehold. Yet, when men of immense wealth, like Harding, or even men of other people's wealth, like Robert Maxwell, die unexpectedly the complications are almost inevitably deep and lasting. In a normal company unravelling the deceased's estate can take months of work by lawyers and accountants.

Bath no longer the big name club



BATH, English rugby union's premier club for the last decade, are changing their name - but it is all in the best possible taste.

new moniker like NEC Harquins or Newcastle Falcons. Bath Football Club, their name since 1865, are now Bath Rugby, complete with updated, understated badge.

soccer club, currently languishing at the foot of the GM Vauxhall Conference. Bath Rugby's commercial director Stephen Hands said: "The new logo symbolises something of the club's history, together with that of the city."

meanwhile, face possible elimination from the Heineken European Cup unless they beat France's Dax at the Recreation Ground today. Jon Callard will captain Bath Rugby in the absence of Phil de Glanville.

Guardian COLLINS Crossword 20,794

A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn. Entries to Guardian Crossword No 20,794, P.O. Box 315, Mitcham, Surrey, CR4 2AX, by first post on Friday. Solution and winners in the Guardian on Monday November 4.

Crossword grid with clues and solutions. Clues include: 1 Not married for money by the turn of the century? (6,6), 2 Expose fraudulent scheme coming out in print? (3-6), 3 Part of such reactionary paintings in Sanskrit book? (5), 4 Nursemaid accepting a bribe from leading cleric? (8), 5 Struggle for generation of witty Harry's ear, possibly (6,5,3).

GRRRACEFUL NOTES. Just roll it round your tongue. GRRRAHAM'S PORT. THE PORT OF AUTHORITY. W & J GRAHAM'S

Blair rej... Masked gan... Inside